

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



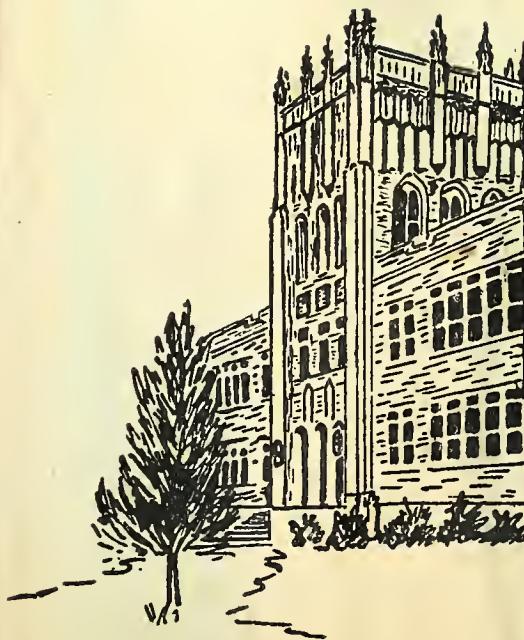
3 1833 01987 2313

Gc 929.11 C7368L 1935
Concordia Teachers College
(Seward, Neb.)
Leaves

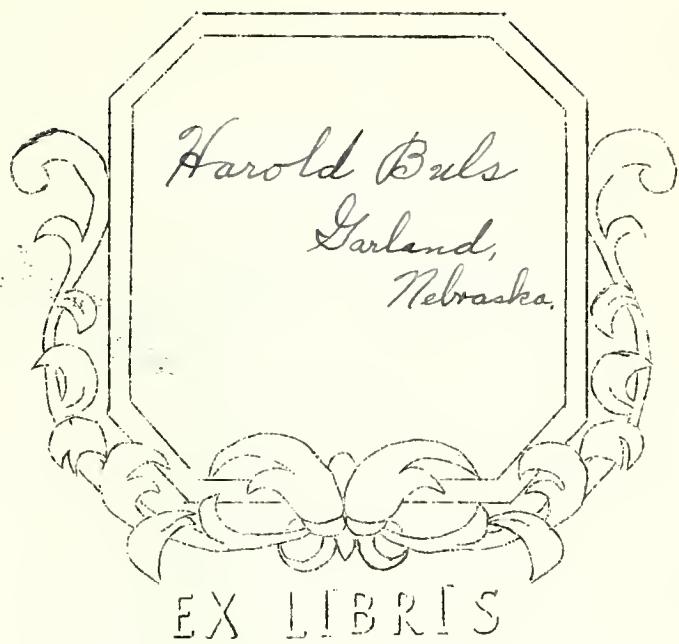


LEAVES

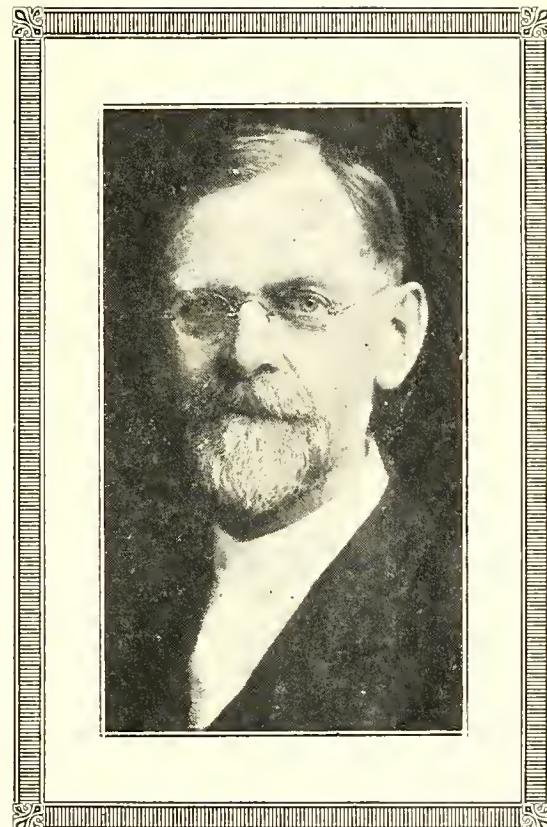
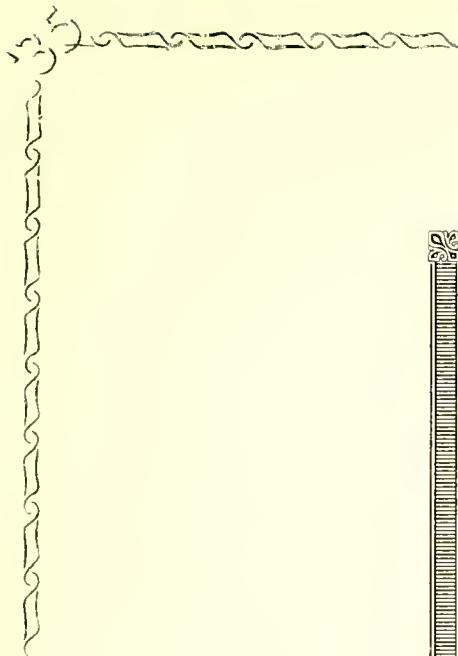
1
9
3
5



Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana



Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana



DEDICATION.

As an expression of our gratitude to Pastor C. H. Becker of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Seward, Nebraska, for his interest and efforts in behalf of our Alma Mater, we wish to dedicate this memorial of our college days. Pastor Becker's faithful labors in the interest of the college during his forty years as pastor of the local congregation have been of great service in making this our college, what it is today. May the Lord bless Him as He has blessed his labors!

A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four prominent columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
E-Yearbook.com

<http://www.archive.org/details/leaves1935conc>

THE ROYAL

THE ROYAL

THE ROYAL

THE ROYAL

THE ROYAL

C. T. C.

THY WAY NOT MINE, O LORD

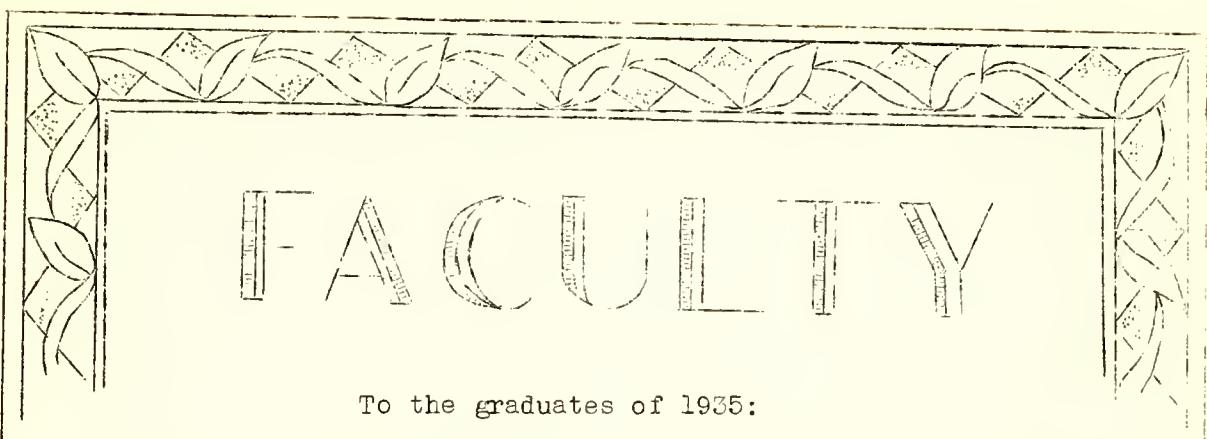
"Pray without ceasing." Thus our dear Savior commanded us. Well He knows that in order to cope with the difficulties which arise for us, we must speak with Him often to give us added courage and strength for the way. Therefore, upon beginning a new phase of our lives, we have chosen as our motto the prayer, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord."

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord." We find in these words a prayer for His guidance and direction in our work and life. The future holds for us both joys and sorrows, happiness and sadness, successes and failures. But with the grace of the Lord, we will be able to bear whatever He may send and follow in His way.

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord." We hereby pledge our devotion and services to Christ. We consecrate our whole lives to the work of His Church. We dedicate our future to the blessed work of leading His precious lambs safe into His waiting arms. To us is entrusted the care of the immortal souls of the future men and women of the Church. We, perhaps, do not see the importance of our position as teachers now; but the wholesome influence of a Christian teacher can often be an instrument in leading an erring soul back to the fold.

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord." At the end of the way of the Lord we see a beautiful city, the heavenly Jerusalem. For the faithful laborers in His vineyard our Master has reserved a place in this city. Has He not said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." We pray that He will keep us safely on His way and help us to avert and conquer all temptations to digress from that way. When the Great Day of His second coming has come, may we all be found worthy to be counted "blessed of the Father"!





FACULTY

To the graduates of 1935:

As you will, God willing, soon enter your professional life as teachers of Christian schools, let me send along with you three words of our God and Savior as companions to advise, support and cheer you:

"Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."
Matthew 28, 20.

"Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him, which died for them and rose again." 2 Corinthians 5, 15.

"They that be wise (teachers) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." Daniel 12, 3.

Dir. C. F. Brommer, D. D.

Reviewing my brief span of life and that of those with whom I had some contact, I find the following points outstanding in achieving success: 1. Daily devout prayer for yourself, your pupils and others. 2. Honest and diligent preparation for all subjects taught, remembering always that your school is your first consideration, not the extracurricular activities. 3. Embrace every opportunity to extend your knowledge of subject-matter and pedagogical ability. 4. Never say an unkind word about anybody. 5. Live within your means and let others worry about your salary.

H. B. Fehner

The world is full of mediocre people, men and women, who are doing fairly well. They are not termed failures, and yet they are not successful, because they are not working up to the best that is in them. May you, under the guidance of our dear Lord, ever work energetically and consistently up to the very limit of your ability in the field in which the Lord has placed you.

Karl Haase

During your senior year the Church celebrated the "Four-hundredth Anniversary of the "Open Bible." No better guide can be yours than this "Open Book." It will teach, inspire, comfort, admonish, and strengthen you. Let it be your guide--"a light unto your way."

J. T. Link

Einerlei, ob er herbe Enttaeuschungen erlitt oder frohes Genuege fand, stets suchte der Weise von Weimar Freude und Trost im Dichten, in der Arbeit. "Vollenden" was fuer ihn das eine grosse Wort am Abende seines Lebens.

Unendlich weiser als der Weise von Weimar war der Weise von Nazareth, unser Herr und Meister Jesus:Christus; und der hat uns gelehrt, dem Worte "arbeite" ein anderes Wort voranzustellen, naemlich das Wort "bete"; der hat uns gelehrt, nicht nur die Erfuellung der taeglichen Pflichten zu unserer Aufgabe zu machen, sondern auch in allem Tun Gott um seinen Segen an zurufen.

Mit "Bete und arbeite" zu ihrem Wahlspruch werden Sie sich, meine Freunde und Freundinnen, glaecklich durchs Leben schlagen und "vollenden."

Paul Reuter

Teaching is an art. It must be learned. You are not yet a "finished product." Therefore, continue your education by building wisely upon the foundation laid at college that, as the years roll by, you may become masters in the art of teaching.--May God bless you and your efforts.

H. L. Hardt

To grow more Christ-like day by day,
To follow Jesus all the way,
To lead His lambs in pastures sweet,
To give them food and drink most meet,
To teach God's Word to children dear,
To take from them the dreadful fear
Of death eternal,

Help me, dear Lord.

Henry A. Koenig

We part.
The lines of our lives
Converged throughout these years,
And intertwined.
We part,
Each in his separate sphere
To cast the net for Christ
In years to come,
Until at last
The lines converge again,
No more
To part.

H. O. A. Keinath

You as Christians are running a race. To be successful you must forget the things that are behind but press onward.

Live up to your high calling, live in prayer, and search His Word. Look ahead and keep in mind the goal, which is heaven.
W. Hellwege

Since your graduation marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of my entering the profession of teaching, I rejoice in wishing you the happiness this calling offers. Nevertheless, welcome the trials concomitant with the persistent pursuit of professional possibilities. Faithfully follow your Savior, saying, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord."

Theo. G. Stelzer

Your studies at C.T.C. will soon be completed; but your studies (either in formal college course work or privately pursued) must go on, to the improvement of your work in your responsible calling. If we, at C.T.C., have given you some desire, inspiration, and guidance for this improvement, we are content.

W. F. Kruse

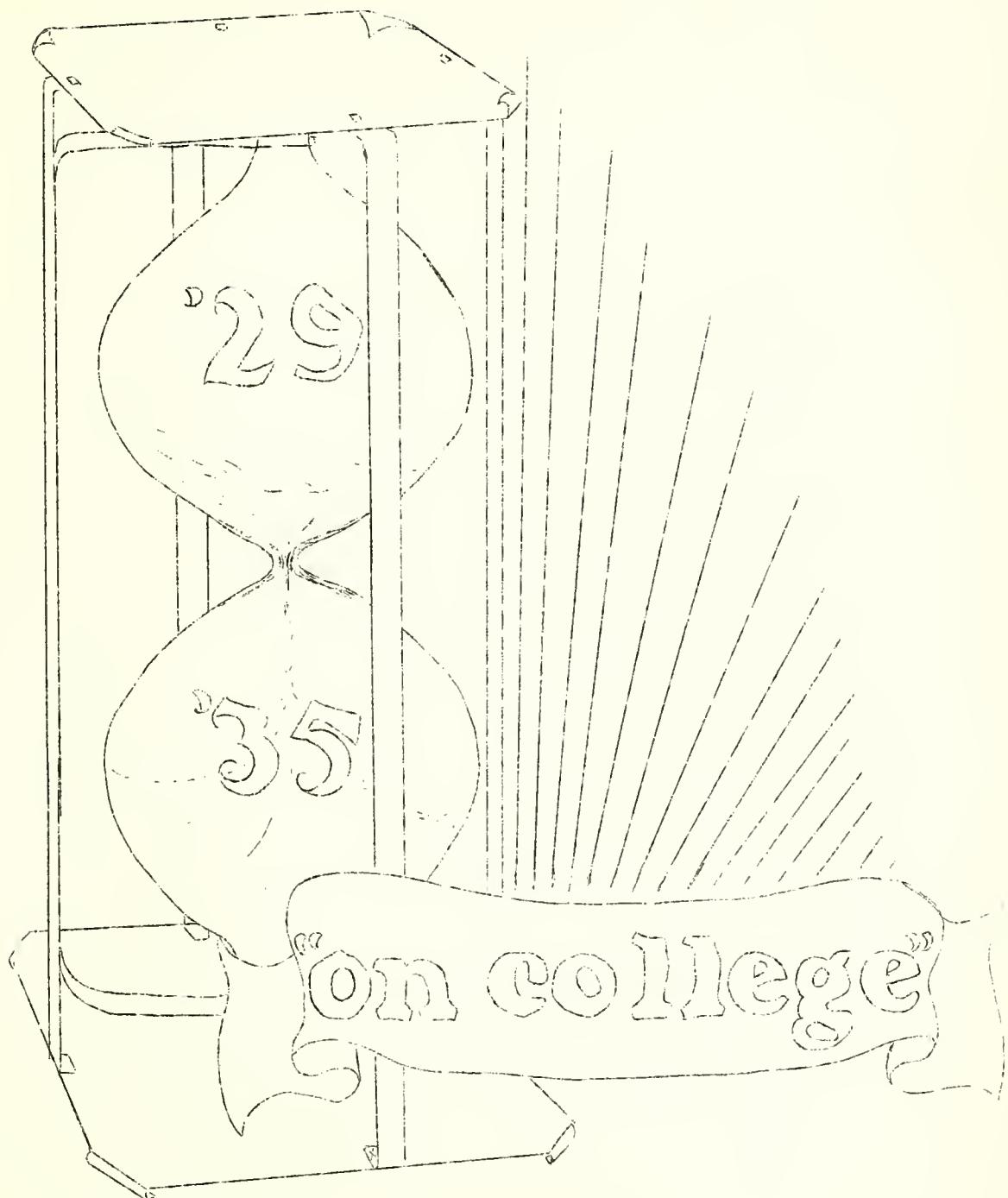
Over the portals of the teaching profession is inscribed this legend, "Ye who enter put all mundane, selfish and personal ambition behind,--Dedicate yourself to the noble purpose of leading immortal souls to the Elysian fields of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and above all to know God."

L. G. Bickel

As you go forth from your Alma Mater to enter your chosen vocation, your hearts may become faint for you recognize the truth of what the Reformer sang: "With might of ours can naught be done." However, you have learned to trust in your Savior so that you can also say: "But for us fights the Valiant One." Go forth, therefore, trusting in this "Valiant One" and your labors will be blessed with success.

Marga Link

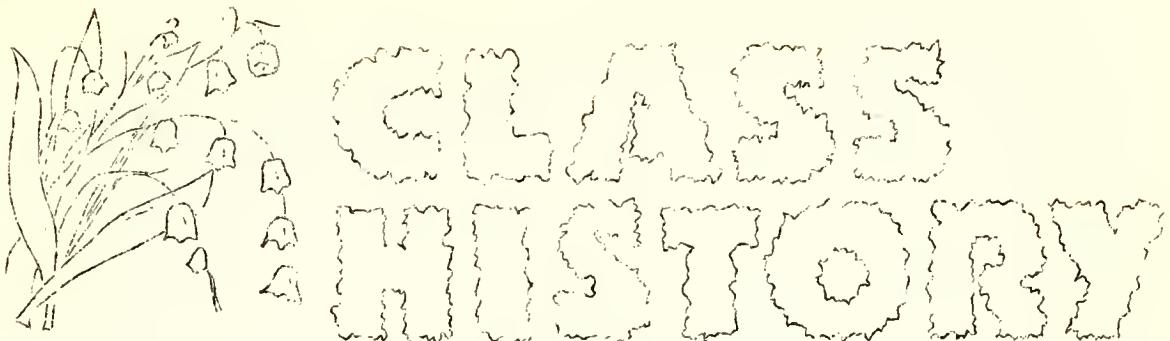








Lydia	P	ralle	<u>Iowa</u>
	P	A ul Rosel	
Esthe	R	Wolter	
	W	A lter Frey	<u>Oklahoma</u>
Frie	D	a Kruckenberg	<u>Kansas</u>
Edward M	E	rz	
	Alfred V	O n Fange	
	August Kiekhae	F er	
	Mar	T in Juergensen	
	Alfred T	H ies	
	William T	E gtmeier	
<u>Colorado</u>		Delbert S chulz	
<u>Ohio</u>		Wal T er Englehardt	
		P A ul Steffens	
<u>Texas</u>		Herber T Richter	
		Werner R E mmaert	
		Edgar Dier S	
Matild	A	Lutz	<u>India</u>
Lydia Lu	T	z	
	Carolyn Be	C ker	<u>Nebraska</u>
	Ru	T h Eggers	
	Walter S	C hrein	
		Ruth S telzer	
		Roy M E yer	
		Er W in Esslinger	
		Anna A ufdemberge	
		Arthu R Ahlschwede	
		Harol D Otte	
		He N ry Koenig	
		Margar E t Hermes	
		George P lumma	
		Della R eese	
		Alvin W A lkenhorst	
		Roy Peter S on	
		Erwin K ohtz	
		Waldem A r Jung	
	L O	uis Heider	
	Frederic	<u>K</u> Wolter	



Six years at C.T.C. somehow have brought us to the conclusion that history is an important subject. We feel that our class, as well as imbibing a good deal of it, has helped make some too. After scrambling around in a stack of old papers we found these records of the impressions these years have made on some of our number. Digging through the mass of debris we finally reached the bottom of things--and that takes us back to 1929.

September 1929 found thirty-four freshmen gazing awe and wonder at the beautiful buildings which were to be their home for the next few years. The process of transplanting is not always successful, the fittest survived, leaving with us today only ten of the original number: Ruth Stelzer, Esther Walter, George Bluma, Martin Juergensen, Waldemar Jung, Henry Koenig, Harold Otte, Walter Schrein, Paul Steffens, and Alvin Walkenhorst.

The regular routine soon became an old story to the "new fuchsses". They even learned to sweep the old gym, commonly called the "dance hall", and build fire to heat water for the football players. Woe to the luckless fellow who didn't know how to fire!! What happened to "fuchsses" when the dining hall rang with the cries of Fueben Brandt or Schuetze, "Fuchs! Submerge!"

How about the romances flourishing in a class of "fuchsses"? Look out "Horsepower", or Alton Lulow will beat your time!

Even "fuchsses" understood and practiced reciprocity. If you lived in the Old Dorm you worked in the New Dorm when possible and vice versa. After all is said and done those were the days we learned to "take it"--- and come back for more the next year.

Sophomore year--something of an experimental or "trial and error" period. 'Twas nothing unusual for a "would be" sick "Senior fox" to stay in bed all day. Honors were divided between two staying in the same room (one is in the present class, the other a "would be" teacher). During the fall and spring parties and hikes were the order of the Saturdays. One such excursion very nearly demolished a strawpile; we have circumstantial evidence to prove it, should you doubt our word. We might mention that a number of Sophomores showed their superiority by "cleaning up" on a Junior College student. Being by nature kindhearted, we took it upon ourselves to be firemen, and quench the burning thirst of the poor suffocating fir trees. Some tried fishing along the Blue. Often the serene stillness

of the night was broken, when some individuals nestled comfortably in the arms of Morpheus experienced the pull of gravity on one side of the bed. Occasionally a few "Bobby Jones" or "Johnny Goodmans" could be seen on the golf course on a Sunday afternoon, trying their skill in making a "Birdie"? Some even attained the high profession and skill of caddying for some of the professors. Many are the experiences not recorded here, but in spite of all these Wendepunkten Unsers Lebens, we "made the grade" and came back the next year.

Fourth Class----our "fuchs stage" was outgrown, and we were thrown upon our own resourcefulness and ingenuity. And what fruits this same resourcefulness yielded! The tune, "Push, pull; keep a-jaagin'" had now become "I hear noises; Who's guilty?" Even the great ingenuity of this class did not hinder it from "shooting B.B.'s"--a fourth class "stunt" long a tradition at C.T.C.

We were not content with following tradition--indeed not! As a sequel to the "B.B. situation", the class now entered upon the "Squirt-gun era." Woe to the luckless coed who failed to have a "hanky" with which to remove the traces of the ammunition! Did an earnest professor ever puzzle over the cause of a student's sudden jump? Let him seek his answer here.

We were the first class to have the grand distinction of acquiring a student from the Orient already in 4th class. We knew from geography that Texas was a large state, and we naturally thought, when "Tom" came along, that it produced people in accordance with its size--but what a disappointment when "Pee Wee" entered our ranks.

Such is the review of our 4th class days. Let us turn over another leaf and find ourselves as dignified high school seniors.

Early in the Fall of 1932 the good ship C.T.C. set forth once again on its annual adventurous voyage, carrying its cargo of industrious young men and women, its Captain, and other ranking officials to strange lands and interesting experiences. Many new faces were to be seen, notably in the group sailing "third class". At first, the aristocratic "first and second class" passengers were slow to recognize the possibilities of their "inferiors", however, they soon realized that some day this class would be accomplishing great things. For this reason they deemed it wise to strike up a friendship; incidentally, some of the friendship formed gives evidence of being permanent. Soon a literary society,

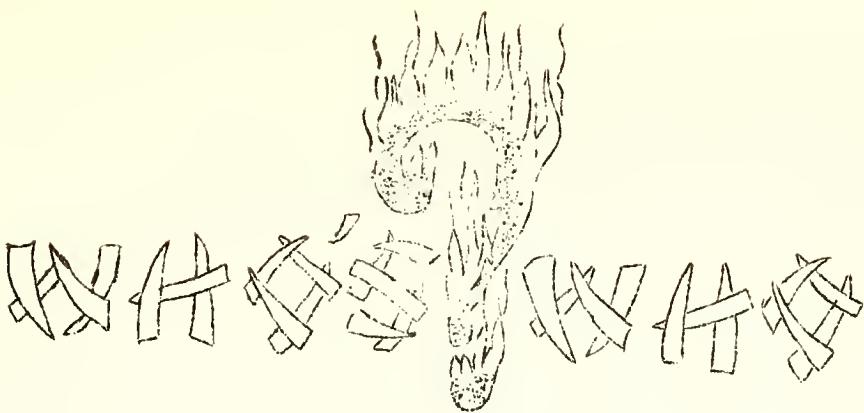
"Turba Felix", was formed to assert its prominence in the social field. After the regular basketball season the "third class" considered it "fitting and proper" to make its mark in the athletic field also, and promptly proceeded to make off with the student body championship. There seemed to be no plateau but only steady progress to new heights. At last the climax was reached and on June 2, as the good ship again cast anchor in home harbor, the forty "third class" passengers descended the gangplank with High School diplomas in their hands.

1935 saw thirty-six individuals walk up to the registrar's desk to sign up for first-year college work at C.T.C., to form the largest class in number for the year--an honor in itself. After several weeks work most of us were assured of the fact that the jump from academy to college is a long one. We got a taste of real work when we met methods, drawing, school music, school management, church history, and college English; not to mention the first shock of training school. We felt some remedial measures were needed and then things began to tighten up. We met most of our obligations as a class----even furnished a trust-worthy bell boy.

The faculty of C.T.C., in solemn conclave, has come to the conclusion that we, of the I class, 38 in number, have absorbed all the knowledge that can be digested in these halls of learning. It is useless to remain longer. We must depart. After our professors have served us with pork chops of History, the beans of Zoology, the spinach of Psychology, the milk of English and German Literature, and the pie of Music we leave this table with great regret. It has tasted good. And some have indigestion.

With this nicely balanced meal under our belts, we gather for the after-dinner chat. Being thus together, we recall those pleasant Literary meetings, our successful Luther pageant, Miss Stelzer's birthday party, the pleasant get-together in Prof. Rueter's parlor, the fierce basketball contest between warriors of the First and Second class, and the Christmas party, the activities of the Quartette, and a good many other pleasant events which need not be recorded but will take a prominent place among fond recollections.

With a rousing toast to our Sem-buck, Vice-Sem-buck, and all those who gave to this Class of '35 its deservedly high character, we must depart (for the 10:15 bell has rung). These experiences are history. We may never see the like again. Let us, therefore, as we weep, shake hands for a fond farewell.



Sem-buck
Vice Sem-buck
Sally-buck
Vice Sally-buck

Delbert Schulz
Henry Koenig
Ruth Stelzer
Frieda Kruckenberg

CLASS OFFICERS

Class President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

Henry Koenig
Martin Juergensen
Anna Aufdemberge
Edgar Diers

LITERARY OFFICERS

Sponsor
First Semester
President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Second Semester
President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

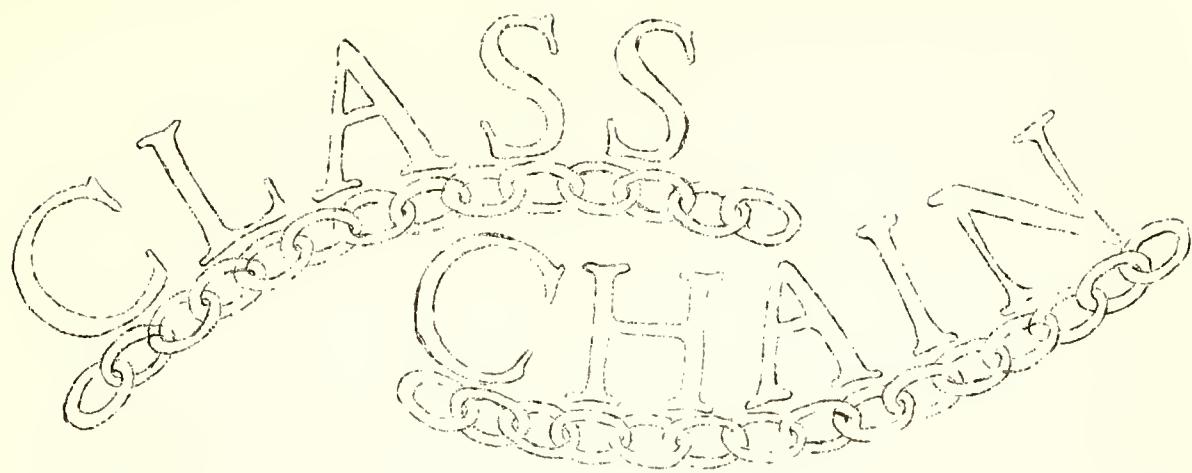
Prof. Paul Reuter
Delbert Schulz
Roy Peterson
Ruth Eggers
Herbert Richter
Walter Schrein
Margaret Hermes
Esther Wolter
Roy Meyer

LEAVES STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Assistant Editor
Business Manager
Literary Editor
Art Editor
Faculty Adviser

Carolyn Becker
Paul Rosel
Edgar Diers
Paul Steffens
Anna Aufdemberge
Prof. H. Q. A. Keinath





Imagine the first class stuck in a "Pete" bog in the middle of "August" just when our pilgrimage to the "Schrein" of C.T.C. was almost complete. The captain on our journey, a big overgrown "Swede" realized the situation, and the idea of staying in the "Meyer" fairly made him boil. We held a council and decided to proceed to "Loui" ville which lay at the foot of the "Kruckenbergs". So with weary eyes and dull legs we proceeded on our way.

Two days later finds the first class on dry ground ready to resume the laborious task of traveling. Coming upon Highway 81 we decided to hitch hike, so the first "Jitney" that stopped, we all piled in for a joyous ride of one block. Since nightfall was approaching we decided to camp in a near-by pasture and prepare our evening meal. Our able hunter, "Richter" managed to capture some "King" fishers and with his trusty bow and arrow succeeded in piercing a few "Jung" "Pee Wees". The camp cook "Futhie" took the biological specimens and put them in a container to "frey". Being very tired we decided to rest our aching bones and listened to a yarn from our long-winded captain while our meager meal was being prepared. He seated himself and began.

"I may not be a "Shakespeare" but here's the story. "'Twas a cool warm night in May when me and my sweetheart "Utilda" set sail from Sweden to America. Our good ship, "Englehardt" got under way with a good wind which about "Bluma" hat off. All I had to steer by was the star "Pralle" and to make better speed I added more "Horsepower" and prayed for the Rosy" dawn. My girl friend was scairt because she dreemt she saw a "Horseface" looking at us, but to console her I brushed back her "Curly" hair and told her a story about King "Edward" II. I gave her a Bromo "Stelzer" and making a bed of our "Kohtz" I begged her to sleep until dawn. Our ship dog "Thies" took care of the mice which increased the pleasure of the journey. The next morning my darling was sick so I "Esther" what the matter was, but she said she was only feelin, "Whoopsie". After three months of sailing and star fazing we came to "Della" were where we intended to stay. To dock the boat I had to "Car-o-line" from the ship and tie our sturdy vessel to a tree. Our faithless dog sprung ashore and bared his "Funny" fangs at all the "Tom" cats. Being as my sweetie was delirious I had to "Slinger" across my shoulder and proceed "Auf dem Berge" to our simple abode. After an hour of steady climbing we reached our destination and were "Harold"-ed by mosquitoes and democrats.

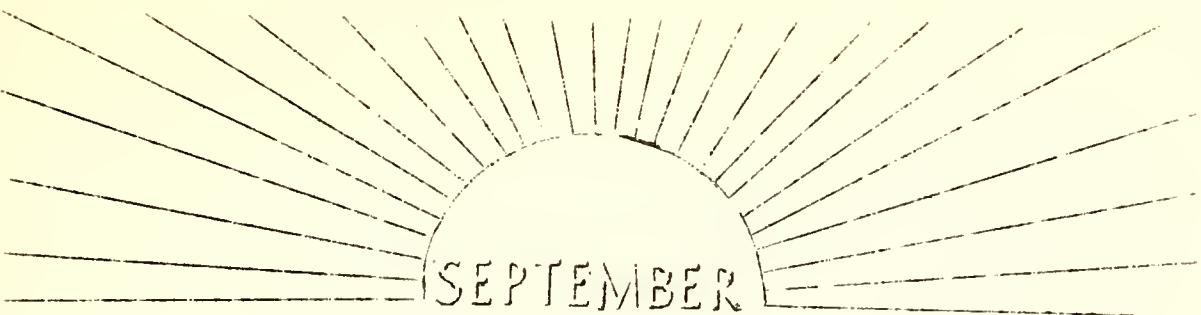
Here we lived happily for two days and decided to go back to good old Sweden."

When the boozing had quieted down we decided to eat our supper. Our cook gently lifted the "Lyd" but our longed-for meal was burnt to a solid brick. Being tired and disgusted we lay down to sleep to wait the call of the messenger "Hermes" to wake us for breakfast. The next day found our journey complete and the portals of C. T. C. closed behind us.

OUR PROPHETIES

Arthur Ahlschwede--successor to Durante.
Anna Aufdemberge--mountain climbing champion.
Carolyn Becker--president of the W.C.T.U.
George Bluma--a professor at C.T.C.
Edgar Diers--a paper hanger.
Ruth Eggers--a modiste.
Walter Englehardt--a Big League manager.
Erwin Esslinger--a music maestro.
Walter Frey--helping "Tom".
Louis Heider--a successful barber.
Margaret Hermes--a librarian.
Martin Juergensen--dealer in antiques ("jitneys").
Waldemar Jung--a detective; that scrutinizing eye!
August Kiekhaefer--correcting papers.
Henry Koenig--a photographer.
Erwin Kohtz--a world famous hitch-hiker.
Frieda Kruckenberg--the supervisor of a kindergarten.
Lydia Lutz--a sweet, gentle nurse.
Matilda Lutz--an ideal schoolma'am.
Edward Merz--a doctor of music.
Roy Meyer--the coach at C.T.C.
Harold Otte--the conductor of Sousa's Band.
Roy Peterson--Englehardt's assistant.
Lydia Pralle--a renowned cosmetologist.
Della Reese--the foster mother to an orphanage.
Werner Remmert--wielding the hickory stick.
Herbert Richter--a wealthy rancher.
Paul Rosel--the night editor of a daily paper.
Walter Schrein--posing for collar ads.
Delbert Schulz--a well-known basso profundo.
Paul Steffens--a "drummer".
Ruth Stelzer--playing for the "crowned heads".
William Tegtmeier--a government inspector for the FEBA.
Alfred Thies--a timekeeper at a factory.
Alfred Von Fange--chief cook and bottle washer at C.T.C.
Alvin Walkerhorst--a chiropodist.
Esther Wolter--a tennis star.
Fred Wolter--writing names on diplomas.





SEPTEMBER

- 3 Once more we submit to rules and regulations as school begins. The usual "Mixer" was held which gave rise to the new song--"Breaking the Ice".
- 7 The annual meeting of the girls---Dir. Brommer acting as chairman. Little Matilda celebrated her birthday.
- 8 The Telmah Club holds a meeting.
- 12 Vice sem-buck, "King" has a birthday and did he celebrate.
- 15 "Per" to see "Treasure Island" and "House of Rothschild". What a break for the coeds.
- 17 American Legion program held in the city's new amphitheater. Prof. Koenig sang a solo. Students marched---some stumbled.
- 19 Class meeting,---class officers elected.
- 20 "Shakespeare" is one year older.
- 21 First meeting of Literary. Hauptmann believed to be kidnapper of Lindy's baby.
- 22 A girl's hike-----we wonder.
- 28 A second literary meeting. Two meetings in one month is a record----for some.
- 29 Mr. Rain's lecture on Alaska.

OCTOBER

- 1 Della's first day of school. Some people have all the luck. "Cards" take first place in the National League.
- 2 A nice day for arguments so we had a class meeting.
- 3 Cardinals win first game in the series. Nice psychology test we-----passed!!!
- 4 Detroit and St. Louis tangle in a twelve-inning game. Detroit wins and "Pete" is happy.
- 5 Literary gathering. "Becker vs. Diers". Apples are ripe and----missing. Cardinals win their third game.
- 6 Initiation of new Telmah members in a mild way. Detroit won.
- 7 Girls' chorus sang in church introducing a new brand of harmony. Again Detroit wins.
- 9 Cardinals won world series.
- 11 Happy birthday, Jung!
- 12 College beats Hebron, Walkenhorst broke his leg, Tom had a birthday and



November

the Literary Society had a surprise in store for Ruth Stelzer.

- 13 At last Miss Stelzer has reached eighteen and has never been----man handled.
- 19 History of Ed. test----more like a final.
- 22 "Funny" said happy birthday to himself.
- 24 A Doctrine snapper with seventeen questions.
- 27 Demonstration on liquid air by J. Williams.

NOVEMBER

- 2 Good old literary meeting. The first part of this month was spent in discussing the taking of class pictures. A great argument over the size of photos wanted, but Whoopsie solved the problem by stating that we have reducing machines to-day. The series of meetings closed with the suggestion that the first class place a waste can in the old "Ad" as a token of appreciation. Silly, isn't it?
- 7 We eat----Otte has a birthday.
- 8 Somebody said "happy birthday" to Frieda and she says, "Don't, it makes me feel so old".
- 10 Fire at Busche's but "Rosy" and "King" couldn't find enough pails to extinguish the flame. Frieda, do you smoke?
H.E.--"Where does the amoeba have its habitat?"
Tom---(Emphatically) "Scum".
- 11 First class girls invited to Della's home.
- 12 Merz doesn't feel any older than last year.
- 16 Trying to celebrate a 40-year anniversary in three days.
- 17 Robert Reuter gave an organ recital in the afternoon. In the evening the Literary Society presented their Luther Pageant.
- 18 Rev. Becker and Dr. Behnken delivered addresses in honor of C.T.C. 40th anniversary. Two members fell asleep under the bleachers.
- 23 Rev. A. R. Ketzman spoke to the upper classes. Free literature given out by the handful.
- 24 Lecture to student body by Rev. Kretzman.
- 27 Walther League entertained the first class to a social. At 11:00 o'clock the boys were getting acquainted when some little angel says, "Lets go home". It gives people like that.
- 28 Rosy and Schrein decide to go to Rosy's place. Arrived in



good condition except for sore thumbs.

- 29 Thanksgiving Day with Rosy and Schrein eating a hamburger in Coral, Iowa. Per to see "Anne of Green Gables".
- 30 Roy Meyer was heard shouting in the halls; "Its my birthday".

DECEMBER

- 4 Lydia Pralle said that after each birthday she feels more refined.
- 5 Swede kept his birthday pretty well to himself.
- 8 A noisy Pep meeting but Dana beat us 21-14 just the same.
- 11 Anna says, "Now that my birthday is here I can call myself a lady". Don't shout Anna, just whisper it.
- 12 Schrein had a birthday but to take the necessary precautions he hired Englehardt for his body guard.
- 14 An uneventful day except that we lost to York, 25-17.
- 15 The play "Christmas Carol" presented by the second class.
- 16 The Senior Literary held a formal social in the Noisy Neighbor room.
- 19 This idea of so many birthdays is getting stale. Jitney has one today.
- 20 The usual band concert in the gym. Sort of started the vacation off on the wrong note. Dir. Brommer states that it was a rather quiet evening compared to others.
- 21 A cold wave struck Prof. Fehner's class the last school day of 1934. All were sneezing---none were guilty.
10:30 finds us at the beginning of a Christmas vacation. A thousand miles wasn't enough to keep "Tom" here
- 31 New Year's Eve-----nuff sed.

JANUARY

- 1 Miss Wied broke her ankle.
- 2 End of a joyous Christmas vacation. We regret that Christmas comes only once a year.



- 3 The first day of school in 1935. Many found out it doesn't work so good to sleep with one eye open---no relaxation.
- 4 Class, do you realize that to-day we had a "Zoo" test? Literary meeting was held and "Romeo and Juliet" was read. My kingdom for a balcony and then a-----ladder.
- 5 Basketball game with Central City. A victory for C.T.C. 24-16.
- 11 Wahoo noses out the Bulldogs by a score of 26-25. The boys don't like to play in a match box---no offense, Wahoo.
Isn't it your birthday today, Slinger? Some say that when boys of our position start to herd hogs its a sign of insanity, while some think it is recreation. Try it some time.
- Rev. Streufert gave a lecture on missionary work.
- 12 Birthday party on Paula Schlieske. Hope you enjoyed it, Curly.
- Again we have permission to visit the Rivoli. "Little Minister" was the title.
- 14 Played a little rummy under the west exit light after 10:30 P.M.
- 18 Hebron beat us here, 25-17. Did you ever try to study a Doctrine final at a basket ball game? Some did.
- 19 A Doctrine final which proved to many----fatal.
- 23 Nebraska B. went home victorious. 28-16.
- 24 First day of the last semester. What a duck soup schedule!
- 25 The High School game at Garland. Whoopsie, Rosie, Horseface and Thiess walked back from Garland after the basketball game leaving Garland at 12:15 A.M. and reaching Seward at 2:00 A.M. Were we tired or----were we tired!
- 26 Report cards given out but lets skip it.
Beat Central city, 22-17. E. Jones spoke on the Walther League. Where's that good old influence?
- 30 Prof. Kruse's alarm failed to go off. It takes the Prof. to furnish the humor and-----the excuses.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Hebron tallies another victory by defeating the college, 37-23.
- 2 Winfield game called off on account of the measles.
- 3 Eclipse of the sun. Some night there ought to be an eclipse of the moon!!!
- 8 Luther bows to Concordia, 45-23.

- 9 York follows suit, 26-25.
In the afternoon we had per to see "The President Vanishes". No not Pres. Brommer.
14 Valentine Day. No hearts broken-----none mended.
15 Test of patience; Coeds game---College won 20-17. First Class beats Second, 10-8.
16 Dana submits, 21-22.
19 Boys journey to Nebraska B. but they came back with a loss 36-20.
22 The Telmah Club attempts to present "Scoops". If the action in the play had been as great as the Third Class when they 'Scoop' snow it would have gone down in history as the eighth wonder.
23 At last the boys leave for Winfield but came back with the tail end of the score 41-24.
24 Literary party at Reuter's, a swell blizzard, good crop of measles and what else have you.

MARCH

- 1 Doane College basketball team beat us here, 27-36.
March came in with a bang---nice earthquake we had, and then a Hailstorm.
4 Class games. Second class beat us, 20-19. Third Class takes Second Class, 24-19. The fuchs games will not be mentioned. In general the boeing and hissing improved since last year.
8 Miss Zabriskie, violincellist with Herbie Schmidt at the ivories furnished the evening with entertainment.
9 Third Class vs. Student Body----Student body won. When we were in the Third Class we took the Student Body.
College girls win again, clampines!
Alumni takes a bow, 45-24.
11 Sorry Kohtz but today is your birthday.
15 Lecture on American Art by Prof. Koemig. A remarkable dust storm---"all through the night".
The Ides of March----what of it.
16 Per to see "David Copperfield",----hot-cha.
Horseface has a birthday with nothing to do---perhaps.
17 Good old St. Patrick's Day. All colors were worn except green.
20 \$130 bank night. Will we ever resist temptation?
21 First day of spring finds First Class inmates cleaning

out their cells.

23 The campus was cleaned for a change.

Mr. Englehardt, today is your birthday.

25 Beginning of the last quarter of the school year. The future still looks-----

27 \$130 plus \$20 equals \$150 bank night.

29 A lecture on "Mark Twain" by Prof. Diesing.

APRIL

1 April fools day has been rightly named---Pee Wee has a birthday.

3 Our sem-buck is one year older.

5 Walther League meeting.

7 Della Reese has a birthday.

12 Student Talent Program. The students were present but the talent had vanished.

15 Rosy has a birthday. A double celebration on his birthday next year since he missed out on it this year.

19 Good old Easter vacation.

23 Classes again for another five weeks.

And Arbor Day too. "Don't fall in that hole, it was meant for a tree!"

26-27 "Daddy Long Legs" presented by our class. We think its the greatest play given in years. Jimmie and Sallie are not brother and sister----not any more.

28 How old are you, Miss Wolter? Talent Quest---may it be found in plenty!

MAY

3 First class banquet. A night in the Garden of Proserpine---the Greeks couldn't name it----neither could we. A great feed, a great program and a----nice evening. Thanks to the Second and Third class.

12 Della invited us out to spend the evening. It's fun to stroll along a country road at night, eh?

17 Baseball game between Concordia and Nebraska U. what will the outcome be?

Bach-Handel program.

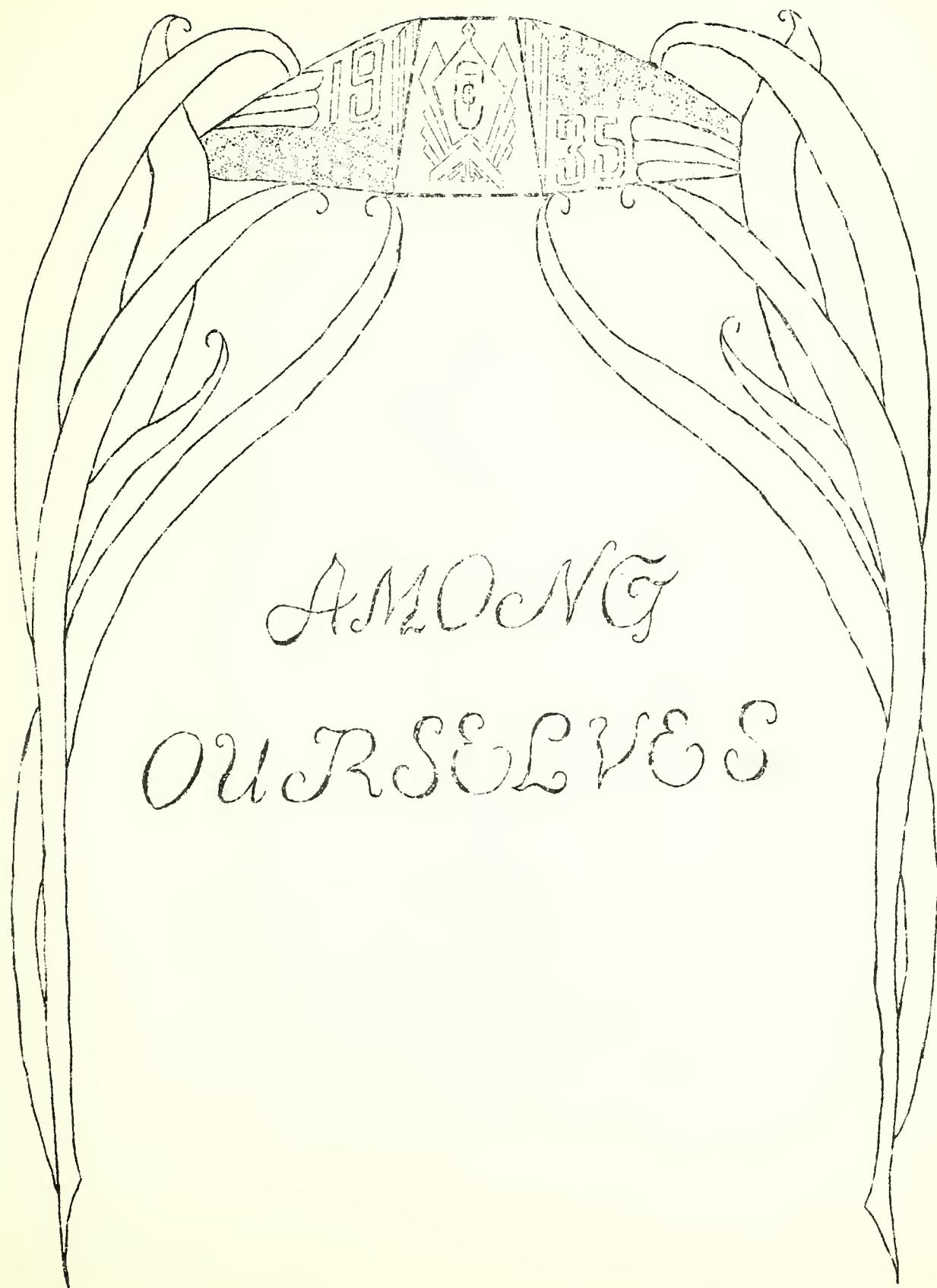
- 18 Annual band concert in the Rose Bowl.
 19 The Telmah Club goes out for breakfast. A little sleepy, but oh, so hungry!
 24 Rechlin to give an organ concert.
 25 Another game with Nebraska U.
 26 School picnic. Remember when you had to speak your piece?
 30 Ascension day, Decoration day, baccalaureate service and what not.
 31 Open Air spent in the usual manner. For once we do not have to be in at 10:30. If it rains-----.

JUNE

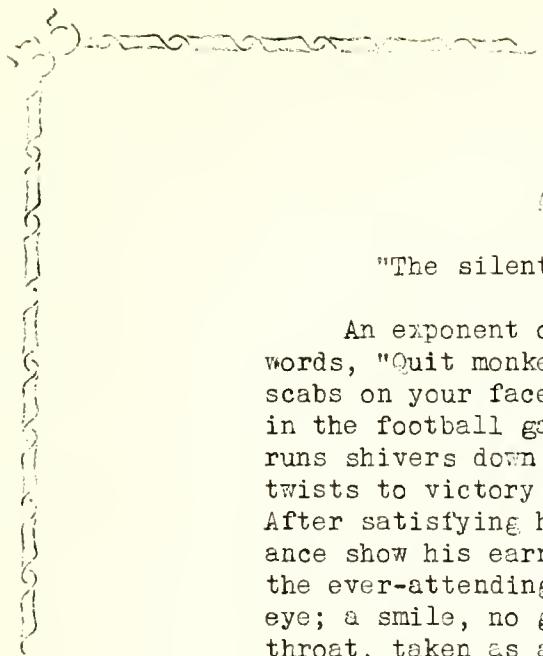
1. Homeward bound after the closing exercises. The events of the last year mentioned will either make or break history. The only thing missing is that no murder was committed but if words and looks could kill-----.

1935		JUNE					1935	
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.		
							(1)	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29		
30								

1935
JUNE



AMONG
OURSELVES



Arthur Ahlschwede

"The silent countenance often speaks."

An exponent of Ruby enters the scene with the words, "Quit monkeying around if you don't wanna breed scabs on your face." The crowd is thrilled as he stars in the football game, and immediately after the game he runs shivers down the ladies' backs as he squirms and twists to victory in a fantastic wrestling duel. After satisfying his pugilistic urge his beams of radiance show his earnest yet optimistic disposition to the ever-attending audience. There's a twinkle in his eye; a smile, no grin on his lips and a chuckle in his throat, taken as a whole--mirth. Again the unconscious tonic for the blues soothes the spectators as "Art" bows to pick out splinters as Whoopsie comes in Sunday night. The curtain is drawn; leaving all in anticipation of greater acts to come in the future.

Anna Aufdemberge

"And grace that won who saw, to wish her stay."

December 11, 1915, is a red letter day on the calendar, for on that day Anna made her debut as a bearer of smiles and joy. Tiring of the big city, she soon left Omaha and retired with her family of brothers to the peaceful community of Marysville. Anna entered as a sophomore in 1930 after taking up Home Economics at Seward High in her freshman year. The Aufdemberge name is already a tradition at G.T.C. and Anna has added a few more interesting legends to it. An all-around girl, a fine student, a good basketeer, an excellent "lollipop Poll", a winsome "Judy", above all an exceptional friend. She shows partiality to one syllable of her name, which she may retain should she change it.

Carolyn Becker

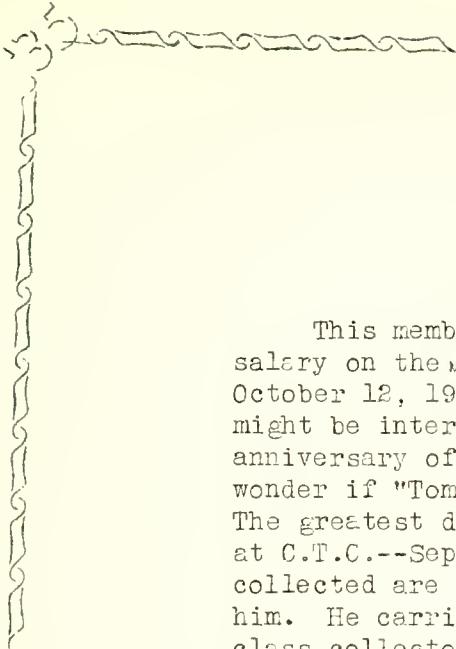
"Be content to be envied, but envy not."

Exceptional people must be recognized in exceptional ways and with our limited means we can only do thus in this fashion. Carolyn has not, as she so fondly hoped, been able to remain a member of "The Order of L. O. P. H." (Left on Papa's Hands), for with her personality the officials of the club had their "doots" whether they should allow her to join, but she did--the staid official's fears were justified. Before this comedown, Caroline was in the limelight as an outstanding teacher, an educational leader, an accomplished artist, and everywhere known for her discriminating taste in dress. During her three years at C.T.C. our editor-in-chief somehow always managed, because of her efficiency, to be well represented on a committee of any kind. Carolina was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, June 15, 1914.

George Bluma

"I awoke one morning and was surprised
to find myself famous."

The, may-be physically mediocre, but mentally anything but mediocre, lad was born February 18, 1916, in Louisville, oops, pardon me, I almost wrote Kentucky, but it is Nebraska. He soon outgrew the schools at Malcolm, Nebraska, and so, rather timidly he entered the awe-inspiring corridors of the "New Ad" and told Prof. Link that he was ready to take up his studies here at C.T.C. Even the coeds are forced to admit that George is quite a competitor in the acquiring of grades. He is another of those who have the infernal good fortune to be original members of this distinguished class. We trust and hope that his remarkable intelligence will be used for the good of the Lord's vineyard.



Edgar Diers

"He pleases everyone."

This member of our class, who still owes back salary on the work of his pituitary glands, was born October 12, 1912, in Old Glory, Texas. Perhaps you might be interested in knowing that this was the 420th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America. We wonder if "Tom" will turn out to be a great discoverer. The greatest day of his life was the day of his entry at C.T.C.--September 10, 1931. Trustworthy, calm, and collected are some of the adjectives which best describe him. He carried this last one so far that he became class collector of dues, tackles, and feminine smiles. He has kept all three of these since he came here. Sometimes he is pensive, but generally he has a cheerful outlook on life. A very good-natured chap is he, evidence--accepts razzing with a mere shrug of his shoulders. How "Tom" gets his six foot four inch frame into a six foot bed is still a mystery to us.

Ruth Eggers

"She has her remembrance by her being herself."

Ircnically, we might ask, "What good has ever come out of Pierce, Nebraska?" Here we have exhibit A. This will most conclusively prove the falsity of the above rhetorical question. Ruth was born August 22, 1915, at Pierce. Eventually, she transferred her affections from Pierce to Norfolk, Nebraska. In the fall of 1930 she transferred them still further, she came to Seward. We wonder where she will be next. Sometimes we seem to have an inkling. Don't blush now, Ruth. She was a very welcome addition to our class, as she would be to any class. Some people have said that she is very athletically inclined. May we add to that? She is also inclined educationally, aesthetically and all the other "allys". When we come to the parting of the ways, we trust and know that she will not forget the other members of the class.

Walter Engelhardt

"They laugh that win."

This splendid specimen of humanity that awakens in all of us the desire to look upon life as he does, gives the lie to the theory that environment determines a person's nature; for Walter is the direct antithesis of his dreary birthplace, a bleak and windswept prairie near Garrison, North Dakota. Already on his birthday, March 23, 1909, his gay smile presaged the cheer he would spread in the world. After attending various colleges, Doctor Martin Luther College at New Ulm, and Concordia at St. Paul, Walter came here in 1934, late, but we appreciate that he didn't forget to come at all. Think of it, he asserts that his occupation is "Much Ado About Nothing", but modest men are always quiet on the subject of their virtues. His reputation in baseball and wrestling preceded him, and we predict it will make C.T.C. athletic history.

Erwin Esslinger

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

Arapahoe, Nebraska made one big mistake: they failed to call out the town band on January 11, 1914, when Erwin said, "Howdy!" to the world. Approximately fourteen years later he turned his face eastward and did not stop till he arrived at our 'udding metropolis. When he came to C.T.C. he had the idea that J. S. Bach was the greatest piano composer, but at the present he is in a quandary and isn't so sure about this, as Duke Wellington has a strong attraction for the lad. If the class were divided into two groups: the musical intelligentsia and the not so musical nor intelligentsia, he would certainly head the former.

Walter Frey

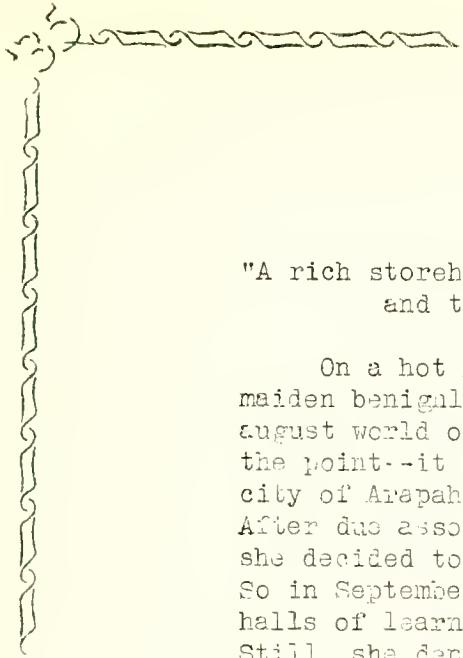
"Faultless to a fault in his dress."

Shortly after Christmas in Lahoma, Oklahoma, some present-day maiden's dream was fulfilled. His father also realized that a genius lurked among his family who should be given an opportunity to develop his abilities. All interested in Walter pointed with fingers on a map of Nebraska. He considered high school education a mere beginning for his life, so one fine day in the fall of '31 a license bearing Oklahoma numbers rolled onto the campus at C.T.C. Frey looked around--ah--what a place! What am I supposed to do next? A mass meeting was called. Aspiring to do the right thing the first time "Futt" brought his Bible with him to the meeting. Before this and after he has had a good range of experience including probation. "Hey, you--is my part straight?" Sure, let's go on. With his personality there isn't any wonder he has so many friends.

Louis Heider

"Well-languag'd Louis"

Like ---- in the Congressional Record, Louie didn't give much more information than honorable mention when we asked for facts about his life, but he was born June 5, 1914, in Quarter A, Section 31, Byron Precinct, Thayer County, Nebraska. The fall of 1930 marked his entrance into C.T.C. He has distinguished himself "on college" by being interested in heads--no, not of departments, but of hair. Art lets us in on a secret. He says, "Louie gets his barbering and skating mixed a little; he parts the ice and cuts figure eights in a man's hair." And quite Herculean he is too, for he carries Webster's Dictionary on the tip of his tongue, so much so that he discomfits many of us at times. If Dame Fortune should ever forget and turn her back on Louie, he could still make his pile by cultivating that wonderful whistle of his.



Margaret Hermes

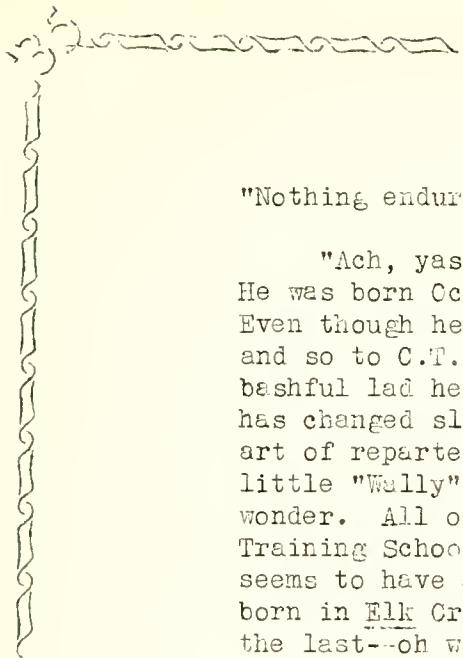
"A rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator,
and the relief of man's estate."

On a hot August day this titian-haired young maiden benignly cast her first charming glance on this august world of ours. However, let us come closer to the point--it was the sixth of August, 1911, in the city of Arapahoe, Nebraska. Lucky day and lucky town! After due association between herself and several books, she decided to continue her associations here at C.T.C. So in September of 1925, she arrived here to grace the halls of learning with her presence. Now the fun began! Still, she deprived herself of three years of it, and, incidentally also deprived the institution of her presence, while teaching in Blue Hill, Nebraska. According to all reports, she was very successful there, as we know she will be wherever she chooses to go. One of her classmates has said, "To know her is to like her." We heartily endorse this statement.

Martin Juergensen

"He is a pattern to others."

The scene: among the sandhills near Netawaka, Kansas. The time: almost December 19, 1913. Soon we hear a putt-putt of a jitney. Then we hear, "I think I can, I--think--I--can." Ah! Jitney made it, and here he is. After "putt"ering around in a few books, more or less, he entered C.T.C. as a "Fuchs" in the fall of 1929. Now he has attained to the heights of the "First" class, and, just imagine, he is our chivalric bearer of the class book. He has not only carried on the tradition of the "Juergensen" family, but has augmented it to a large degree. He has left his imprint on the historical annals of C.T.C. that will remain for many a year to come. We can say to him, "'Well done, brother Martin."



Waldemar Jung

"Nothing endures; but his personal qualities will."

"Ach, yas, und hier vee haff der kleine Jung." He was born October 11, 1914, in Elk Creek, Nebraska. Even though he was small, he was the pride of his parents, and so to C.T.C. he came in the fall of 1929. What a bashful lad he was at that time! Rumor has it that he has changed slightly in this line. He seems to have the art of repartee pretty well in hand. Perhaps, some day, little "Wally" may become a Senator, or something. We wonder. All of us know, from his exhibitions in the Training School, that he is a very fine teacher. He seems to have a naturalistic tendency. First he was born in Elk Creek, then he moved to Pleasant Dale, and the last--oh well! Draw your own conclusions.

August Kiekhaefer

"So thou be good, slander doth but approve
thy worth the greater."

Our dear friend August gave this world his first critical stare on June 3, 1913. The area which he surveyed was close to Gresham, Nebraska. At the present, when not at C.T.C., he resides somewhere in Kansas. His rise from the state of Kansas to the brethren of the notabilia has been both rapid and brilliant. August began one month correctly, namely, September of 1932. The first day of the month of June in 1935 will see his departure from C.T.C. What has gone on between these two dates had much to do with the educating of a fine, upright and diligent young man. Whatever else may be said of August, by spiteful people, let it never be said that he shirked his duty!

Henry Koenig

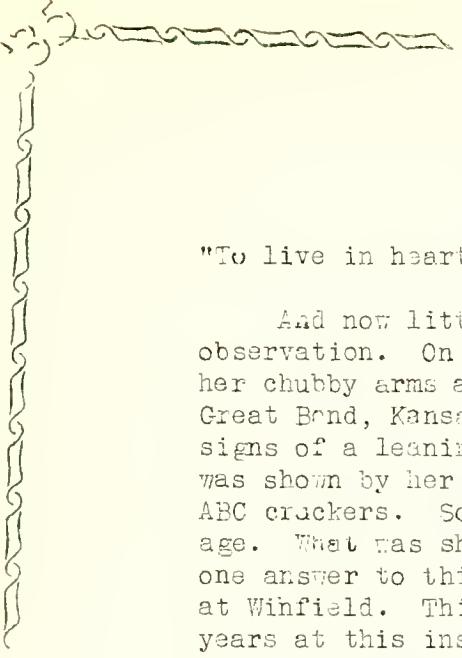
"To do good and be evil spoken of, is kingly."

During the great World War many men received nation-wide recognition and so also Henry received recognition in Staplehurst. "King" hurried through the grade school with the intention of going to C.T.C. as soon as possible. Already bearing the name of one of the professors, Henry made a good start as the class monitor and also president of the class. He has retained the presidency, without campaigning, for the entire six years. Athletics have found him actively interested. With the smile of Joe Brown, "Hank" has crashed the films--photographer at C.T.C. The 6:20 bell rings--"Let's stay in the enhancing arms of Morpheus and not get up today." "King" has finally captured the position as vice sem-buck. Staplehurst could not hold him--Seward can't either--watch him!

Extras - E. Y. Kohtz
Erwin Kohtz

"Men should be what they seem."

Little did the world realize that the arrival of a son in Hampton, Nebraska, on March 11, 1913, would be of such importance. His parents, keeping the welfare of Erwin in mind, sent him to various schools, but not until unusual traits cropped out was he encouraged to attend a place of higher learning. Mr. Kohtz decided to take the advice and entered C.T.C. three weeks late. Even as everyone else has his troubles, so also Erwin has called it an occupation to get out of trouble and bed. However, added to his greatest irritation of being called thus,--"Brother Kohtz" worries and gives thought to the future but doesn't let the little things bother him. Frequently he is overcome with the malady nostalgia and to soothe it he sings do-re-mi--while hitchhiking on the weekend.



Frieda Kruckenberg

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

And now little "Fritz" becomes a subject for our observation. On November eighth, 1911, she first stretched her chubby arms and surveyed her domain near the city of Great Bend, Kansas. Even at an early age she showed signs of a leaning toward an intellectual life. This was shown by her strong liking for animal cookies and ABC crackers. Soon she outgrew the cookie and cracker age. What was she to do now? There was apparently only one answer to this important question: attend St. John's at Winfield. This she did. After spending several years at this institution, she taught for two years in Westgate, Iowa. Fritz now decided to inoculate herself against further ignorance by attending C.T.C. She came here in 1932. After she has been a member of our class for three years, we are confident that there is not one but has a good opinion of Fritz. She is now ready to enter the teaching profession. We hope that she will be successful in all her future undertakings, just as she has been in the past.

Lydia Lutz

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Our class is particularly fortunate to possess another one of the India Lutz quartette. This one is Lydia, the girl with a complexion that is the envy of her fellow coeds. Lydia was born August 18, 1914, in a place so far distant, Nagurcoil, Travancore, India, that it takes our breath away. Since she found all the places of her schooling unsatisfactory we see her entering C.T.C. in the fall of 1931. One year was spent in teaching at Lyons, but the fall of 1934 found her back in the ranks. Though possessing a shy, retiring exterior, all know that beneath it beats a heart always willing to help those that need it, and we become aware of the conviction that people will be more considerate because of her example and influence.

Matilda Lutz

"A very pleasant maid."

What romance lies in the mystic name Nagercoil, Travancore, South India where Matz was born September 7, 1915. Is it this aura that still lingers over her and makes her what she typifies to the class?--to them-- a girl with a very lovable disposition whose presence spells sunshine and fun. She is what may be termed "ein nettes Maedel". In acquiring her education, "Matz" has seen much of the world--Loch End, Kodaikanal, India, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, and finally in 1931 she saw Seward. She is so-o-o-o anxious to begin teaching, and we know that there, her Lucille Bird personality, her "Edward Ramsey" with his putt-putt-putt--motorcycle will soon dampen her enthusiasm for her profession and she will feel compelled to discontinue it.

Edward Merz

"Labor is itself a pleasure."

Just 506 years and one month since Christopher Columbus sighted the West Indies, in the peaceful, and serene village of Sylvan Grove, Kansas, Edward first greeted the world. While he was still very young, his parents took him to a phrenologist to determine what manner of inclinations this child had. The phrenologist said he was musically inclined, and for once, and perhaps for the only time, he was right. Merz is indeed one of our most proficient and diligent musicians. He entered college in 1929 to further his musical training and to take whatever came with it. Now that he is soon to be graduated, we hope that this college has helped him toward his goal.

Roy B. Meyer

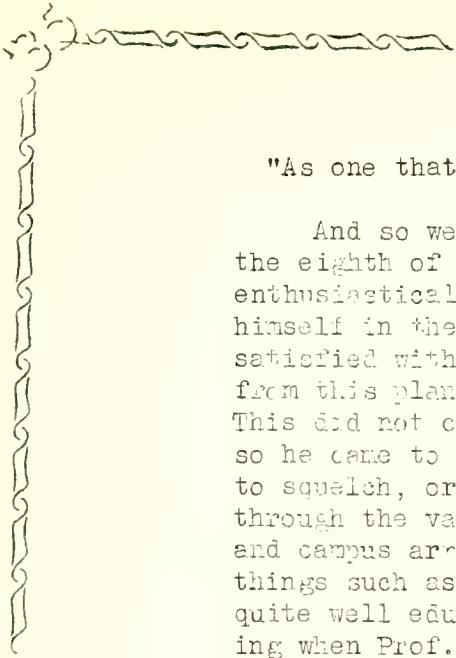
"I am a part of all that I have met."

"Boy, just look at those shoulders!" This remark was heard to issue from the lips of Prof. Hellwege some time ago, in reference to Roy. This man, with the figure of a Greek god, was born November 30, 1913, three miles south of Campbell, Nebraska. After consuming all the education that the Campbellites had to offer, he decided to top the meal off with a tasty dessert; and so he matriculated at C.T.C. on September 8, 1932. In classes, and otherwise, he always has some valuable remark to contribute. Only once has a professor succeeded in making him say, "That's a hard question to answer." That surely is some kind of record for this institution. When our fond memories will drift back to C.T.C. we will remember Roy's feats on the gridiron, hardwood, and diamond. We wish him all the success that one man can possibly carry.

Harold Otte

"The fool inherits, but the wise must get."

Perhaps you wonder why we have chosen the above phrase for our friend Harold. Well, frankly, we concluded after due deliberation that this group of words fits the lad to the proverbial "T". He is charming young fellow hailed the world on November 7, 1915, at York, Nebraska. After absorbing every bit of knowledge that the small village had to offer, he came to C.I.C. in the fall of 1929. And how that boy did make good! He is now solo cornetist of the band, first tenor in the quartet, and was leader of Peptones. Quite an accomplishment for the boy. Nicht wahr? Harold will be sorely missed next year when the band meets again. We feel, and are justified in so feeling, that Harold will go a long way, no matter where he is placed, or what he has to do.



Roy Peterson

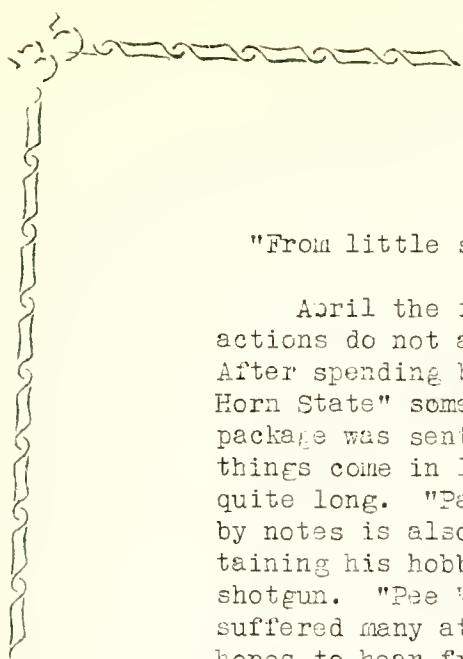
"As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe."

And so we come to the second of the "Roys". On the eighth of August, in the year the Democrats were enthusiastically campaigning for Wilson, Roy enrolled himself in the annals of the world's citizens. Not satisfied with this, he proceeded to get all he could from this planet, and attended the schools of Blair. This did not completely satisfy his educational urge, so he came to Concordia on September 6, 1932, to try to squelch, or satiate, this desire. Now he has passed through the various stages of "puppy-love", chicken pox, and campus arrest; by reason of this and other incidental things such as Burton and others, he considers himself quite well educated. He, also, will be among the missing when Prof. Hellwege issues the call for football and baseball luminaries next year.

Lydia Pralle

"Ease of heart her very look conveyed."

Lydia, one of the better products of the "tall-corn state", was born in Latimer, Iowa, on the fourth of December, 1914. The grammar school of that beautiful city could not long hold her, because she had much higher aspirations. And so, she went to Latimer High School. This far-famed institution also failed in satisfying her thirst for knowledge. After due deliberation and consultation, she matriculated at this modern Lyceum at 2:17 P. M. on the fifth of September, 1931. For one year she interrupted her pursuit of knowledge in order to impart some of that blessed nectar of the gods called wisdom. We hear that she succeeded very admirably. Now she has arrived at the end of her career at C.T.C. We ask of her, "What next, Lydia?"



Werner Remmert

"From little sparks may burst a mighty flame."

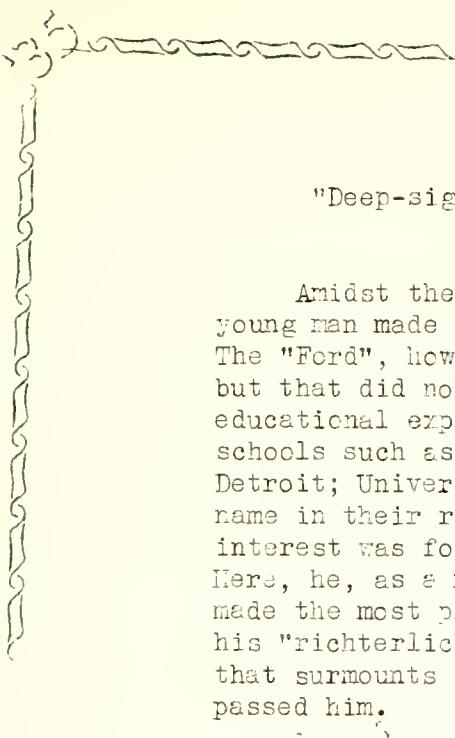
April the first--but don't rest your face yet because actions do not always speak louder than some people do. After spending bygone days of early youth in the "Long Horn State" something happened. In the fall of '32 a package was sent to C.T.C. It is the old saying that big things come in little packages.--the wave length was quite long. "Pardon my southern accent" accompanied by notes is also sometimes heard, when he isn't entertaining his hobby of shooting sarcasm through a sawed off shotgun. "Pee Wee" has a strong gregarious urge and has suffered many attacks of puppy love. Next summer he hopes to hear from Lincolnville, Kansas, and vice versa. The way he swings a tennis racket in "southpaw" style, we can almost imagine that he is intending to cope with Vines or Ellsworth before long. May the best man win!

Happy go lucky--handsome and free,
That is the way we know Pee Wee.

Della Reese

"In came Della, one vast substantial smile."

The world had the good fortune of getting its first glance at Della on April 7, 1914. After having lived on this earth for some time, she decided that it wasn't such a bad place after all, and since then has been taking everything with a smile. Don't take us wrong on that. Della isn't careless or indifferent, in fact, she is punctiliously neat and careful about anything which she does. Della entered college in 1928, after having attended training school for eight years. Just as a walnut amongst navy beans always finds its way to the top, so Della has always kept her place near the very top of the class. During the summer of '34 she was very fortunate in that she had an opportunity to go "Over There". She brought back many interesting anecdotes and descriptions. The class is indeed fortunate to have a member who has been to Germany. We will be very sorry to leave Della at the end of the year. We predict great things for our Telmah president. She claims that she intends to leave the country again some time. Bon Voyage--but--won't you take us along?



Herbert Richter

"Deep-sighted in ideas, intelligences,
atoms, influences."

Amidst the clamor and hustle of industry, a young man made a beginning in Chicago, Illinois. The "Ford", however, had a lead of a few years on him but that did not keep him out of the race. Herbert's educational experiences are envied by many. Prominent schools such as Luther College, St. Paul; University of Detroit; University of New Mexico; have included his name in their registrations. For some reason his interest was focused on a mid-western college in Seward. Here, he, as a member of another graduating class, has made the most pleasant impression. We certainly admire his "richterlich" bearing and the manly matured mind that surmounts the whole. The V-8 has not yet surpassed him.

Paul Rosel

"Doing easily what others find it difficult to do."

Came the rosy dawn of April 15, 1914. A ripple appeared on the quiet pool of life in St. Ansgar, Iowa--Paul Jr. arrived to brighten the home circle of the Rosel household. Being an unusual individual, it would naturally be expected that he would try everything at least once. He did. He ran the gamut of all the children's diseases and emerged somewhat weakened, wryly declaring, "Sure couldn't take it!" Such sordid and ordinary things as school books and lessons have never bothered him greatly, in fact, he is inclined to be romantic and evade the stern realities of life. Put music, ah, that is food for the romantically-minded --and "Rosy" indulges. He does come down to earth at times, and when he does, occasionally, things begin to hum--baseball, extra-curricular programs, couplets, or whatever else needs to be done.

Walter A. Schrein

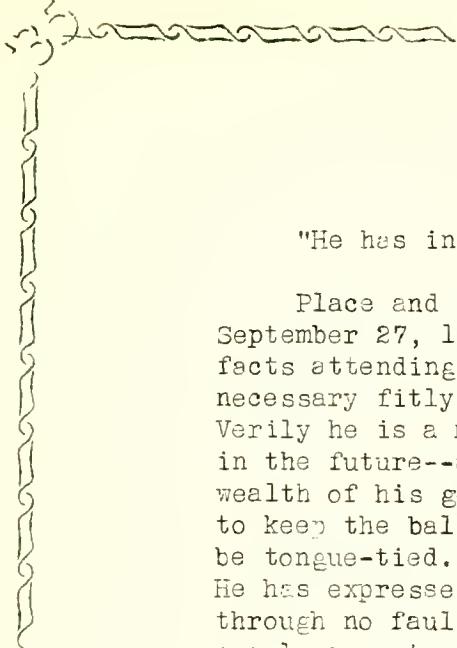
"The very pink of perfection."

And so we come to Walter. We have been anticipating this juicy morsel from some time. This fine specimen of humanity was born December 12, 1915, in Guide Rock, Nebraska. The town is in Webster County. He pored around with books until he came to Concordia in the fall of 1929. At this time the lad really started to work. He did not only confine his work to books, but also worked along other "lines". Someone, who ought to know, says that Walter enjoys window-shopping with ladies. How about it? He doesn't only shop, but also sells. If there were an election held in our class for the best-dressed man, we are positive that this Beau Brummel would break the tape first. He is even curly-haired to top off the effect of his clothes. Here is one man whom all of us will remember after our days at C.T.C. are at an end.

Delbert Schulz

"He is a leader of leaders."

Although such universally known men as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle have long gone before, Delbert still traces back to them and desires to keep his "Socratic" profile. When asked about his native habitat, Kansas proudly raises a hand to claim him. He matriculated at this institution in 1926. Two years of absence are accounted for in successful supply teaching. Returning, the responsibility of "Sem Buck" was bestowed on him. Besides attending to some of his arduous tasks he occasionally rested his philosophical mind by participating in football, cutting figures in the ice, and shaving. "Curly" is a good impersonator of "Jimmie". Words never fail him. "Theoretically it is good, but not in practice." His diplomatic ability has been praised by many. All great men have some weakness and so "Curly" also has a weakness--for blondes.



Paul Steffens

"He has insured remembrance by his merits."

Place and date of birth--Bloomfield, Nebraska, September 27, 1913. Permit us to be brief in the facts attending Paul's birth, for the words are more necessary fitly to describe what Paul means to us. Verily he is a man of whom we are all anxious to hear in the future--a person whom we envy for the great wealth of his general knowledge and for his ability to keep the ball rolling when others are inclined to be tongue-tied. He entered our ranks in January, 1930. He has expressed the idea that he has been thwarted through no fault of his own, for he should have lived nearly a century ago. We can't decide whether he would care to emulate Napoleon's fame, fight in the War of 1812, or whisper it! Is he interested in Romanticism? No, he is a naturalist--he is interested in Woods.

Ruth Stelzer

"E'en her failings lean to virtue's side."

Ruth is our class's brightest star,
Unrivaled though in much she be,
The thought of pride will never mar
Her firm resolve of modesty.

She seems to think we live to work,
To do our duty, never shirk.
Each day brings her new heights to reach,
Lessons to learn, and some to teach.
Zealous in work or play is she.
Earnest and eager, joyous and free,
Ruth will achieve her destiny.

Vital Statistics: Born October 13, 1916, Racine, Wisconsin.

William Tegtmeier

"'Tis just what we are and do."

Near Horseshoe Creek in the state of golden grain
grew up a young lad who was destined to do great things.
Time passed on and he was suddenly surprised to find
himself on a college campus in 1928. Being asked,
"What is your name and can you handle a broom effectively?" he reiterated, "Nichts versteh." After completion
of the high school course he remained home for a year
to get a little more (agri)cultural background and that
is why we have "Shakespeare", and sometimes called "Bill",
in our class now. Although he is now doing government
work he maintains that Cupid won't get the best of him
until they raise his wages. Need a pipe broken in? Bill
can do it. Need some German translated? Bill will do it.
Need any other help? Bill has done it. We always need
conscientious, faithful, and studious neighbors.

Alfred Thies

"One cannot know everything."

Somewhere in Kansas, on August 15, 1912, this
young man inhaled his first breath of air, and since then
he has been sure to get his share. He was not satisfied
with one institution in which to acquire his knowledge,
but has attended four different ones. He shows this
by the fact that he has developed a very individualistic
"horse laugh." Alfred still wonders why he didn't finesse
on that last trick. He attended his first class here at
C.T.C. in the fall of 1930, and as usual just got there
on time. His philosophy of life is interesting. "Sleep
all you can, eat all you can, and play all you can."
Not bad at all!

Seward, Neb.
May 27, 1935.

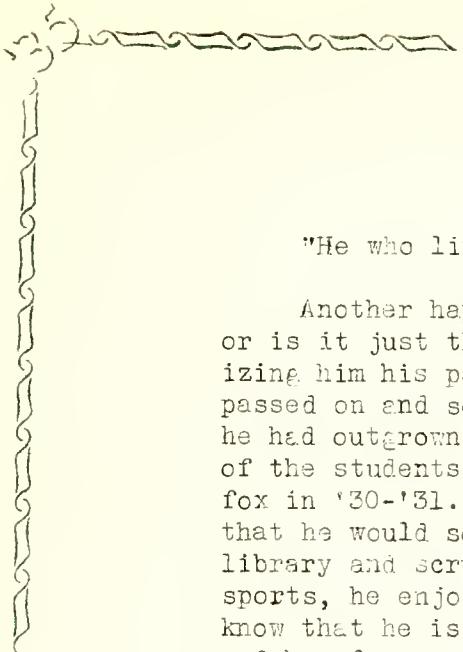
Dear Harald,

It may seem a long time to you before you graduate, but that day will come when you can look back and remember what you did or didn't do. That is what I am doing now. I will remember our good old Room 16 and especially those who kept it looking good. You have been a good trust-worthy "fox". We have gotten along fine this year Punishment was not necessary, as words did the job. If we had our misunderstandings, I hope they are forgotten. I hope you will remember your "room-buck" as one that not only laid down rules but as one who tried also to live up to them himself.

Sometime I would appreciate a letter from you, if you have time.

Here's hoping you get a nice room next year with good room-mates!

Your "room-buck"
Alfred Van Fange. '35



Alfred Von Fange

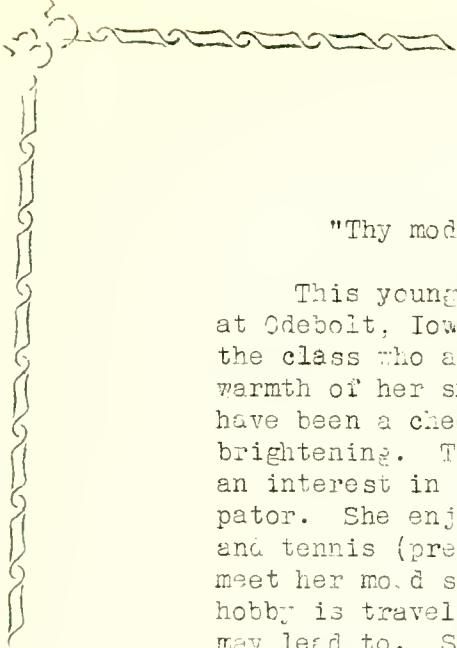
"He who lives well is the best preacher."

Another happy event--in the midst of sunflowers; or is it just the name of the state? Carefully scrutinizing him his parents decided to name him Alfred. Time passed on and some education was conferred on him. Since he had outgrown the opportunities at home the attention of the students of C.T.C. was suddenly drawn to another fox in '30-'31. The general populace then did not realize that he would some day be student supervisor of the library and scrubbing in the dining hall. Among other sports, he enjoys flirting while washing dishes. We know that he is "von Fange" but just where he is going and how far, we wouldn't try to predict. "Alf" is a studious and a conscientious lad and we can readily imagine his future from the way he is able to imitate a professor's handwriting.

Alvin Walkenhorst

"With eyes that looked into the very soul."

Luckily, being born at 9:58 P. M., June 9, 1914, three miles north of Arlington, Nebraska's Post Office isn't the only out of the ordinary thing in Al's life. This likeable chap with the flashing brown eyes entered C.T.C. in the fall of 1928. Now for the out of the ordinary: Al says his occupation is doing nothing and his lifelong hobby will be to find better ways of improving his occupation. Hearsay has it that he was mathematically inclined -for he put down three and carried one. We remove our hats to a gallant athlete and to a man who in adversity can still smile. Brown eyes gaze into brown eyes. Doane('t) speak of it!



Esther Wolter

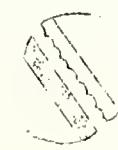
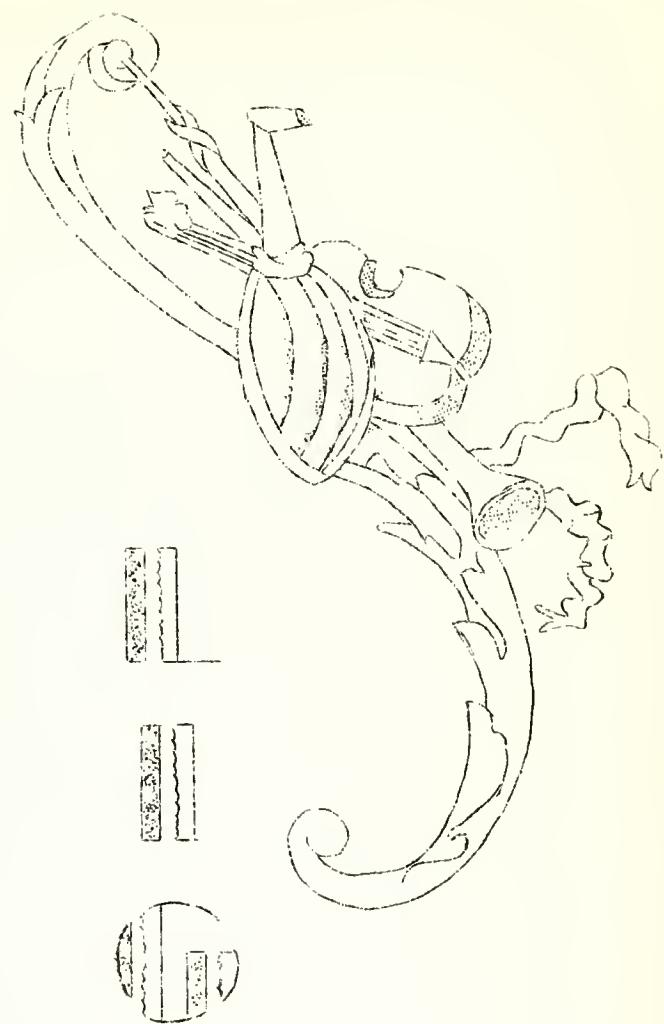
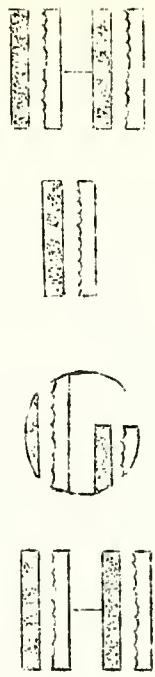
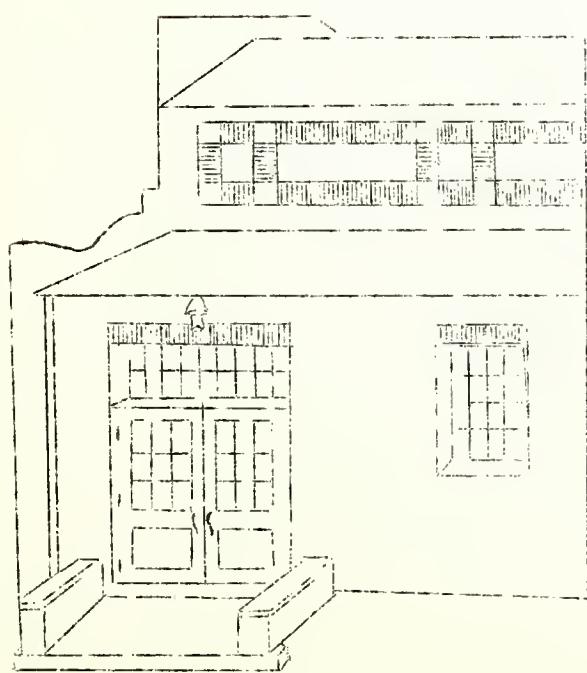
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

This young lady first saw light April 28, 1915, at Odebolt, Iowa. Esther is one of the two ladies of the class who are charter members. For six years the warmth of her smile and the contagion of her giggle have been a cheering element when we sadly needed some brightening. To keep her sweet disposition Esther takes an interest in sports, both as spectator and participant. She enjoys basketball, indoor ball, archery, and tennis (preferably doubles). When sport fails to meet her mood she turns to music, but not jazz. Her hobby is traveling and we are just wondering what that may lead to. Should you ever be in need of assistance or sympathy we recommend you to this lady, she will do her best to accommodate you. Could you ask for more? As a special recommendation, e might add that she has very ably served on any number of refreshment committees.

Frederick Wolter

"What hath night to do with sleep."

This wide awake young chap gave the world the first of his notorious "horse" laughs on March 10, 1914. The city of Fremont, Nebraska is still re-echoing this original sound of mirth and good humor. Fred first came down to Seward from Arlington in 1928. Since then he has made the trip back and forth so often, that he says he could walk all the way to Arlington, backwards, reading a newspaper. Not bad! During his life at Concordia he has experienced various ailments. Among these are stomach distress because of over-indulgence in frankfurters; he also had an inflation of the salivary glands, but we don't know what the cause was. Fred is quite a musical and intelligent chap and should go a long way in this world.



TRIBUTE

When our class began making plans for the class-book, the question of a sponsor was one of the first matters to be settled. We selected Professor Keinath, and our choice has proved to be fortunate. He has given liberally of his time in the interest of our book and his ever-ready store of suggestions and advice helped to solve many a difficulty. We are truly grateful to you, Prof. Keinath, for helping to make "Leaves" a success.

BACCALAUREATE

May 30 will mark for us a beginning and an end. It will be the end of our schooldays at Concordia, and the beginning of our lives as workers in the kingdom of our Savior. Prof. Stelzer has written for us a class-song based on our motto, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord". The theme has been taken from one one of our familiar Lutheran hymns. The Reverend Paul Juergensen of Kansas City, Kansas, is to speak to us in the English language. As our speaker in the German language, we have chosen Pastor George Wolter of Arlington, Nebraska. With the zeal inspired by the words of the pastors of Christ and peace of hymns and songs in His name, we will go forth to labor in the field which is waiting for us.

LITERARY

Believe it or not but the first class succeeded in gathering together its fragments and organized the traditional Literary Society. After signing our names in the fatal book we began to look around for a reliable sponsor. Profs. Keinath, Reuter and Stelzer were selected and when the votes were counted ("without cheating") Prof. Keinath held the honorable position but he declined so the duty of guiding the Senior Literary Society through the year fell to Prof. Reuter.

The events of the year were comparatively few but what the Society lacked in quantity was properly balanced by the

quality it presented. To begin with the entertainment committee decided to break the ice by having a mock court trial. The two lawyers, Pee Wee and Miss M. Lutz proved to be excellent and it was predicted that if they had defended Hauptmann he would not have been sent to the electric chair, but perhaps shot in the witness stand.

In November some body saw a vision and upon its interpretation the Society was to give a Luther Program. On the 17th, the great pageant was presented including the notable events of Luther's life from his nailing of the 95 theses on the church door to his death. The pageant was asked to be given again but our Luther, "Jitney" said his heart wouldn't stand the strain.

October finds the members of the "Turbo Felix" scampering from bush to bush to surprise a certain member on her birthday. An enjoyable evening at the home of Ruth Stelzer was had by all.

The society couldn't forget that we must have our little Christmas party. After much secrecy and little preparation the evening of the party arrived. German hymns were sung by those who know German, games were played, presents distributed, refreshments were served and last but not least the dishes were washed; none broken.

It has been said that when it rains in Africa it usually pours and when the Literary Society desires to have a social it snows---or something. February 24 found the entire society invited to spend the evening at Prof. Reuter's home. Although a blizzard was having the time of its life outside, the Literarians were comfortable in their sponsor's home and a most enjoyable evening was spent in the usual manner.

After our spring hike the Senior Literary Society writes finis to its numerous events and with sad hearts we live in memories of what we have accomplished during the past years.

DADDY LONG LEGS

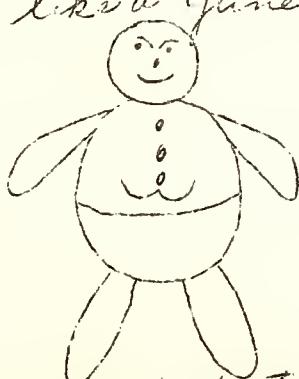
"Mrs. Lippet, that floor ought to be scrubbed!" Which floor? None other than that in the John Grier Home. In this Home we first hear of Judy Abbot, lovable, motherly little soul! Who is Judy Abbot and why is she so important?

Chiefly because the four walls of the orphanage are not to confine her all her life. But how is this to be avoided? Thanks to Miss Pritchard, Daddy Long Legs came to the rescue and gave Judy the chance to become a great author. She was sent to college where she met the Pendletons and McBrides. Although she thought she had left all her troubles at the John Grier Home, she soon found that the sea of life did not roll on so smoothly. And why not? She fell in love, which was exactly what Daddy Long Legs feared would happen. "The object of her affections" was a wealthy gentleman, somewhat her senior. Her troubles were ended when it was disclosed that Daddy Long Legs was none other than Jervis Pendleton.

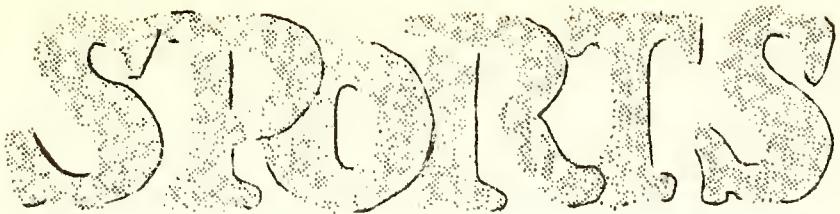
CAST

Judy Abbott-----	Anna Aufdemberge
Jervis Pendleton-----	Delbert Schulz
Miss Prichard-----	Della Reese
Mrs. Pendleton-----	Ruth Eggers
Julia Pendleton-----	Matilda Lutz
Sallie McPride-----	Carolyn Becker
James McBride-----	Paul Rosel
Mrs. Lippett-----	Frieda Kruckerberg
Mrs. Semple-----	Ruth Stelzer
Cyrus Wykoff-----	Martin Juergensen
Abner Parsons-----	Arthur Ahlschwede
Codman-----	Harold Otte
Griggs-----	Walter Schrein
Walters-----	Herbert Richter
Sadie Kate-----	Ruth Blume
Gladiola-----	Florence Brodersen
Loretta-----	Verna Bickel
Mamie-----	Ruth Zimmermann
Freddie Perkins-----	Walter Hardt
Another Orphan-----	Paula Wolter
Carrie, a maid-----	Lydia Pralle

Looks like a June bug,



but is meant to portray any trustee.



It has been said that the "first class" is and always has been an active participant in the healthful sports. This is due not only to the fact that they need fifty-two hours credit in physical education but that they enjoy sports. If we look back into the history of our class and view it with a true sportman's eye, we must readily agree with the above statement.

Already as "foxes" the class showed a remarkable interest in sports. The coach found it necessary to put several of the energetic football-minded boys in oversized football togs letting them get a taste of it at an early age, or some of the rough and tumble basketball scrimmages in the "dance hall" will prove the point.

As the years passed on many classmates dropped out, but just as many came in--athletes too--and the result was that the class blossomed forth in the third class. The class, graduating from the academy department, was a good source for football players, basketball players, etc.. The most noteworthy event of this time no doubt was the shining forth of the class team in the intramural basketball tournaments of the year. This team performed the feat that has as yet not been duplicated. Not only were they crowned champions of the interclass tournament but they did the unexpected by defeating the student-body team, a team which with the exception of one player had won the Nebraska Junior College Conference cup. Now at least they could graduate from the "Bullpup" position to the "Bulldog" position and feel like they had a right to be there.

It would not be more than natural, therefore, that members of this team would find positions on the college squad the next year, which proved to be the case. During this year, second class, ten good football players were taken from the class and used on the college football squad.

Thus far the two major sports, football and basketball, have been the main subjects of evaluation. Let us take a glance at the other sports. Upon mentioning track and baseball, innediately outstanding individuals of these sports come to our mind, and many of them were or are members of our class. Then, of course, tennis, boating, indoor baseball, golf, and, perhaps we should mention ping-pong, and horse-shoe games hold interest for some members of our class.

Even though every member of our class could not participate in each sport, we did, however, join hands and cheered those on who did participate. We always did agree with Rudyard Kipling as he sings in his "A Song in Storm":

"In all time of our distress,
And in our triumph too
The game is more than the player of the game
And the ship is more than the crew."

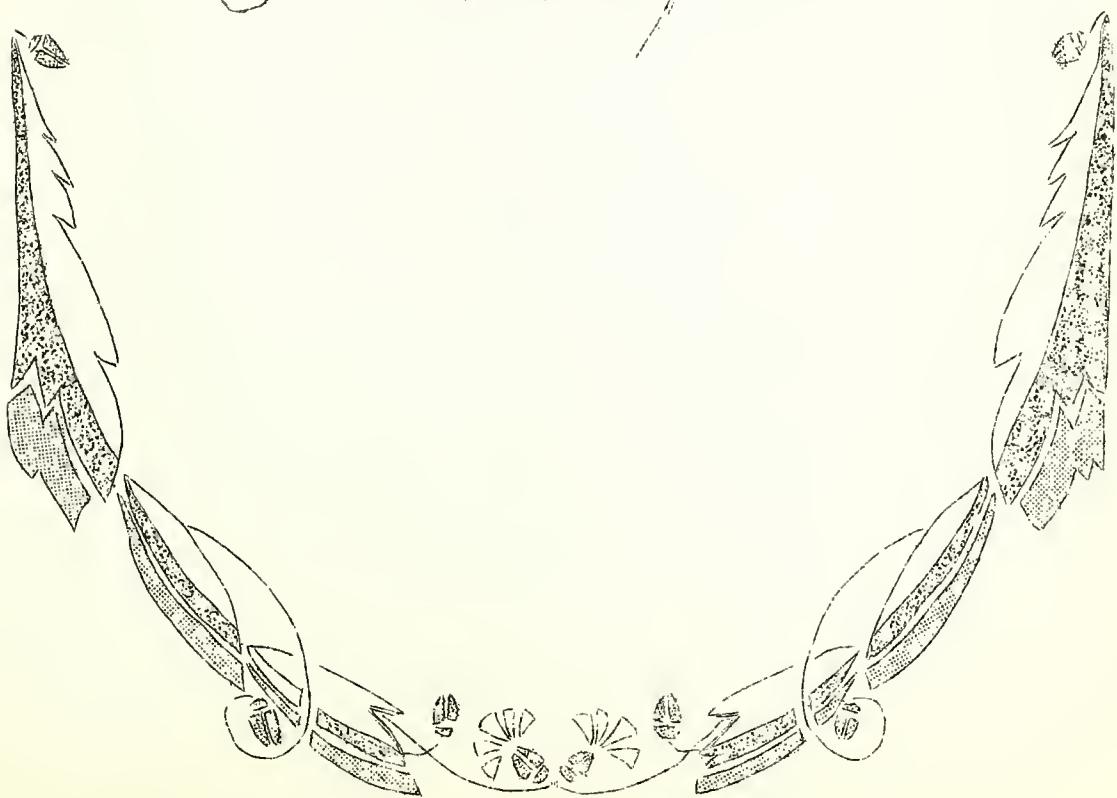
Yes, we'll admit that we have some Herculean athletes among the boys, but that does not say that we can't find Atalantas among the coeds of our class. What would the college basketball team be without our class representatives? We have enough "basketeers" in our class to form a team which would represent speed, agility, and careful playing. Someone may ask, "Is basketball playing the only form of athletics in which they participate?" Indeed not! Ask those who spent some of their spare time at the skating rink this winter. They will inform you that first class coeds were not absent when skating weather was good. Then, too, there are those who anxiously wait for spring, so that they may hike down to the perk, perhaps take some lunch along, and play a game of tennis with some "enemy" of the courts. Kittenball can also be listed among the sports of our coeds. One can watch them from the campus at their games on the lot next to their coach's home. Does anyone still think we are not in for sports?



Friend Engelhardt.



Homespun



ABSCHIED

Methodik, Kirchengeschicht', Geometrie,
Deutsch, Englisch, Biologie,
Musik, Physik und Historie
sind in dem Stundenplan auf C.T.C.

Der eine sitzt in dieser Eck',
der andre drueben g'rad so keck,
guckt und guckt ins Buch hinein,
in allem ernst, ohn' falschen Schein.

Der Kruse ist ein weiser Herr,
an Chemie fehlt's ihm nimmermehr.
Da's Deutsch ist auch kein schwer Gewicht,
denn Reuter haelt den Unterricht.

Wir haben gern die Pschologie;
da sitzen wir vor'm Herrn J. T.
Die Dogmen werden nicht zu lang,
der Direktor macht mit allem bekannt.

Professor Koenig ist auch mild,
er zeigt usn oft ein neues Bild.
Und wenn wir kommen an die Historie,
dann taucht vor uns auf der gute H. B.

Kircheng'schicht und Bibelkund,
die hat Professor Keinath im Mund.
Und nun noch eins: Professor Haas'
dem fehlt's im Singen nicht an Spass.

Noch duerfen wir nicht muessig stehn;
doch werden wir bald auseinandergehn.
Fuenfunddreissig heisst das Jahr,
das liegt us all'n vor Augen klar.

So fahr'n wir for mit frohem Sinn,
und sehen nicht auf eignen Gewinn.
Gott mach' uns all zu Hirten sein
und tilge allen Heuchelschein.

Vor Suend' und Schand' Er uns bewahr,
behuet uns auch in grosser G'fahr.
Und z'letzt, wann Er es will,
Fuehr' Er uns hin zum ew'gen Ziel.

William Tegtmeier

LEAVES

The leaves will soon be budded out
And birds and flowers will be about,
They make all life a joyous thing;
We too have reached a glorious Spring.

For six long years we trod these halls
And joys we found within these walls;
We had a special goal to reach--
The precious lambs of Christ to teach.

One day the leaves will withered be
And falling slowly from the tree
Come down to rest upon the sod;
Our rest will be above, with God.

CMB

JUST POETRY

Anna says, "I live on a hill."
But we're sure that she'll mount higher still.

Some friends we have we can't forget
And one of these is Margaret.

Matz is like a ray of light,
She makes a gloomy world seem bright.

We all think Della very sweet
With big brown eyes and curls so neat.

We have another gem from India,
A modest gentle lady, Lydia.

Our pride in work or play is Ruth,
She will go far, we say, in truth.

Another Ruth there is who's fair,
She looks on life without a care.

1) Acrostics

We have another Lydia too,
A golden blond with eyes of blue.

A sweet disposition can't easily be found;
But Esther's is sure to be somewhere around.

Now Frieda can do many things;
She works, she plays, she laughs, she sings.

And last we have our little "Carrie"
Whose store of knowledge makes us leery.

And now we've left the maids behind,
Here come the lads: What will we find?

Bluma--here's a man, not slow,
Who knows how and why things go.

Tommy Diers--say, he's a sport,
And what's more, a likeable sort.

Curly Schulz just couldn't decide
If it was sideburn or "Burnside".

Hank's a man of every trade,
Wouldn't you like a picture made?

Walter Schrein--of course he's dandy,
Don't you know he sells the candy?

Rosy--just a timid flower
Visits oft a lady's bower.

Heider's our tonsorial artist,
He makes us look and feel our smartest.

Some wish that they were somewhat smaller,
Now Pee Wee thinks he should be taller.

Slinger can play, and play, and play,
We know that he'll be great some day.

Roy Meyer's by many a battle scarred
On floor and field; both plenty hard.

He has a pal who's known as Pete,
As a baseball man he can't be beat.

Von Fange is a steady worker
He simply cannot be a shirker.

Paul Whiteman thinks he's rather grand
But Gato leads a snappier band.

Without a drum it's incomplete,
So Steffens plays with hands and feet.

Fred Wolter wants to ride a horse,
We know it's in his name, of course.

Life is better for some laughing
And Swede soon has us all a-gasping.

Now Al can do most anything
But most of all he likes to sing.

And then there's Kohtz whom we call "Brother",
Just like him we can find no other.

We have some men of great reknown.
On Richter, fortune ne'er will frown.

Friend Englehardt is a baseball star,
His genial smile will take him far.

Tegtmeyer has made a bid for fame
He's chosen Shakespeare for a name.

Jitney's a great imitator
Never hear him say, "Pertater."

Down South they say it's rather hot
Frey ought to know if it is or not.

Merz, yes, he's the college "Doc"
Pills and music are his stock.

Kiekhaefer gets from each a flower
When the "Doc" presides at his wedding shower.

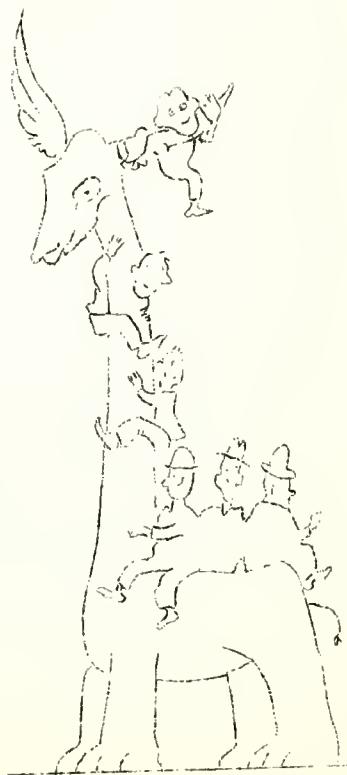
And as for Thies, may blessings rest
Upon his dark and noble crest.

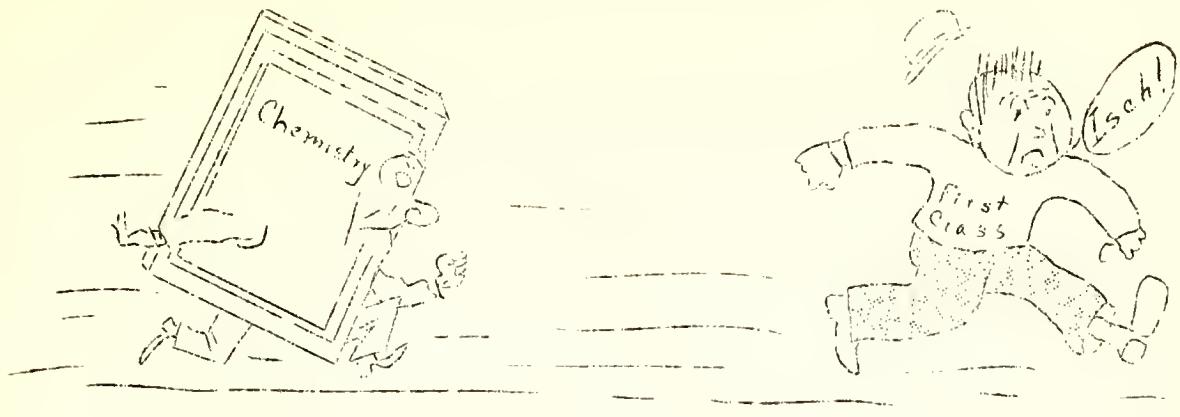


S P H O E

(O) H

G U T F I





King: "Pee Wee, your density is twice that of lead!"

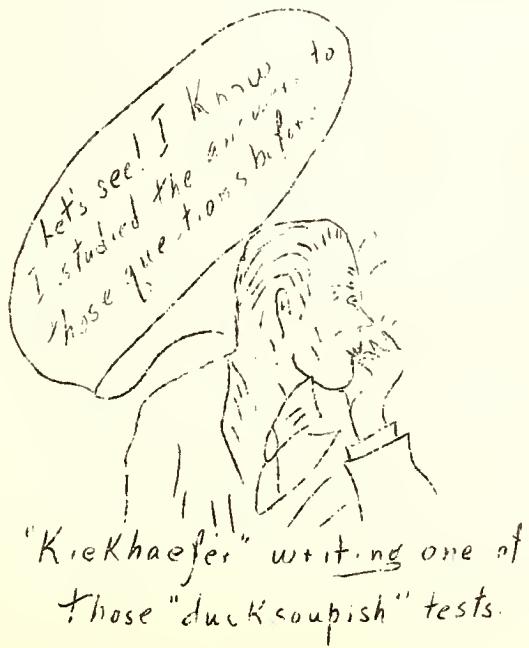
Pee Wee: "That's nothing. You're so dumb you think we get honey from a B battery."

Our instructor in Zoology told us that a learned man wrote his doctor's thesis on the skin of an earth worm; August Kiekhaefer thought it would be more economical if it had been written on history paper:

Whoopsie: "What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable object."

Butch: "Why, I imagine one of them would lose its reputation."

Now it makes sense: Smith, where Jches had had "had had," had had "had". "Had had" had had the examiner's approval.



FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS WE LEAVE BEHIND

"King"

"As if he dipped his pen in corrosive acid."
"Leaves a dark brown taste in the mouth."
"I was fortunate to pick up this rare volume."

"Chief"

"Well-ll-ll-ll" "So far" "On college."
"Are you making good use of your time?"

"Butch"

"Oi Gewalt." "Den Ocks, sein Weib, sein Kind, sein Fleisch--
Veal."
"Of course, we don't want to rush anyone unduly, but----"
"When Mosley stopped the Turkish bullet."

"H. B."

"We'll have to go a little bit fast now."
"Who realizes it? Who not yet? Who feels it?"
"Is that noise in here, or outside?"

"Bick"

"Queer world, isn't it?" "All working hard?"
"Too much space between the good places."
"Isn't that right Mister?"

"J. T."

"Get out your papers."
He is usually pestering the life out of the string on the
shade in his classroom.

"Volley"

"Punktum!" "Get in there and dig."

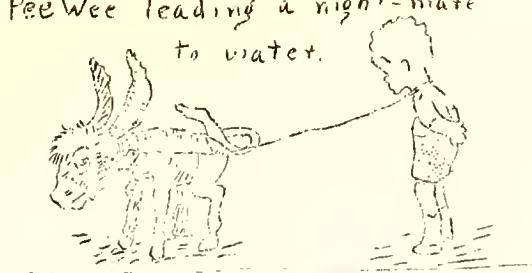
"Jimmie"

"Nur zur Uebung in der Sprache."
"Couldn't adjust themselves to the realities of life."

"Eskie"

"We will give you an opportunity to put your thoughts in writing."

PeeWee leading a night-mate
to water.



The driver who insists on "taking a chance" should wear a broad brimmed felt hat, to protect his ears as he goes through the windshield.--Good advice for you,--Pee Wee.

Who's Who on Broadway?

Margaret: "What were you screaming about last night?"

Carolyn: "I had an awful nightmare. A man was chasing me and chasing me, and chasing me and he just wouldn't catch me."

Roy Meyer: "How'd you like my police dog?"

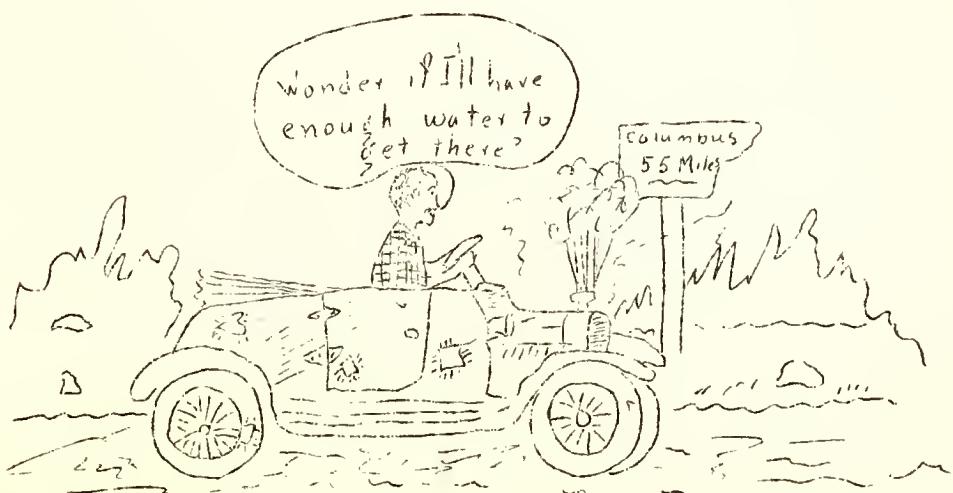
Otte: "Oh yeah? That's no police dog."

Roy Meyer: "Oh yeah it is. You see he's disguised. He belongs to the secret service."

Art Ahlschwede says what makes him admire a mother's love and marvel at it is a photograph of himself taken at the age of eleven or twelve.

Schrein, to a young maid: "I took the prettiest girl in town to see David Copperfield the other night."

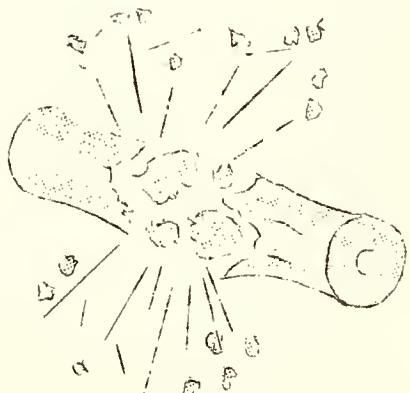
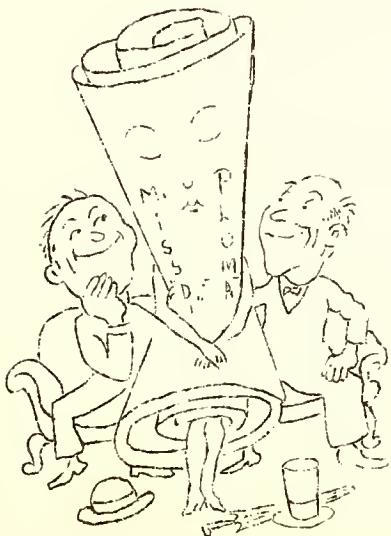
Innocence: "How was I dressed?"



If Kohtz would have to use as much gas as he does water, he'd never go!



The hand is quicker than
the eye, August.



Chief's flashlight battery
Monday morning Apr. 29

"FIRST THINGS"

Fourth Class

First class to have Economic Geography.

Third Class

First time any class took the student body.

First year a third class had a literary society.

First year that an orchestra played at the banquet.

First year that we had to scrape plates.

Second Class

First year no doctrine final was given.

First year that all profs were invited to the Banquet.

First year that reference work had to be done for English.

First year the Telmah Club gave a three act play.

First Class

First year the Telmah Club went to a show encorps.

First year for a girl's cantata.

First and only graduating class to have two members from India.

First year the Zoo lab. drawings were punched.

First year to have a syllabus in Hist. of Ed.

First year for many a year that graduation photos were taken in Lincoln.

First year the "sembuck" didn't have to take names in Chapel.

First year the boys finessed a satire--"white shoes".



Successors to the Boswell sisters

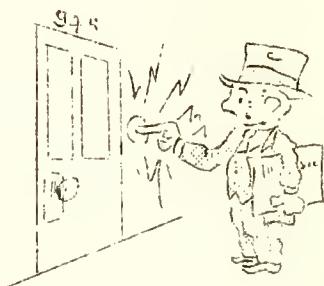
Butch: "Sound does not pass through a vacuum. Yet what I say passes in one ear and out the other."

Overheard in the "Dorm"--"When I get out of here, I'm going so far away that it will take \$90,00 to send me a penny postal."

Four members of the class were seen nursing sore feet after walking eight miles in one hundred five minutes. Any competition?

Curly, after spraining an ankle, went to Doc Ragan to see what he could do about the lame podia. The reply was sweet and short: "Limp!"

Speaking of water power, Niagara has nothing on a pretty woman's tears.



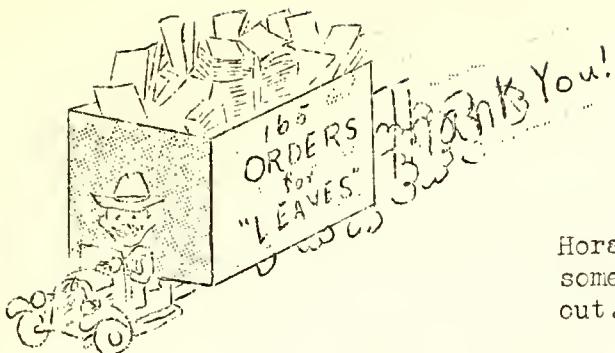
"Curly" would a weeping go



Things we could do without. Who?

Kohtz: "I wonder where all the fleas go in winter."
Kiek: "You can search me."
Kohtz: "Oh, no, I wasn't exactly accusing you."

Anna Aufdemberge and Henry Koenig wonder if they should ask the Chicago Continental Bank and Trust Company for a loan to buy railroad fare home. Here's luck to them!



The class yell of the school of experience is "Ouch!"

"Ignorance," explains little Horace, "is when you don't know something and somebody finds it out."

Butch says: "Clothes act as an insulator--And also keep you out of jail."

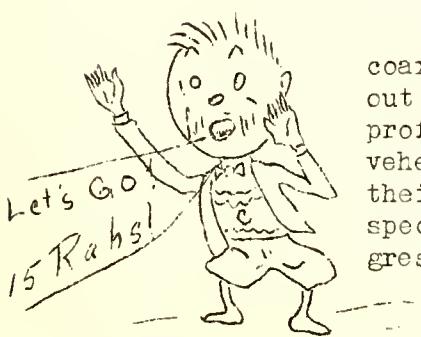
"Niggah," retorted one darky engaged in argument with another, "ef yo' brains wuz dynamite, an' dey doubled ever' secunt fo' a hunnerd years an' den, 'sploded dey wouldn't blow yo' hat off on a windy day!"

Esslinger: "I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

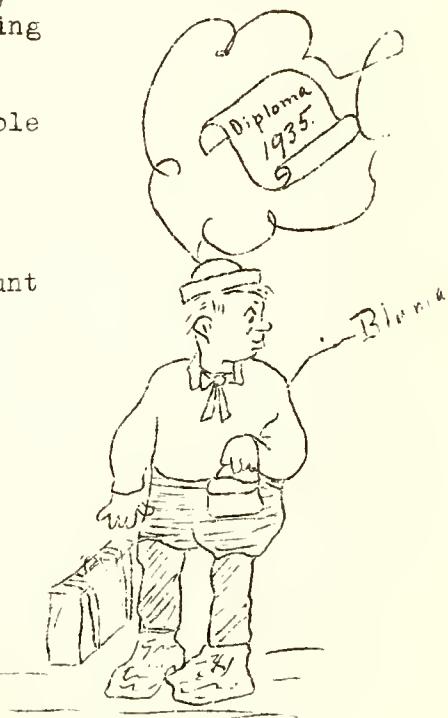
Merz: "And you found it?"

Esslinger: "Well, rather, I'm in the hole now."

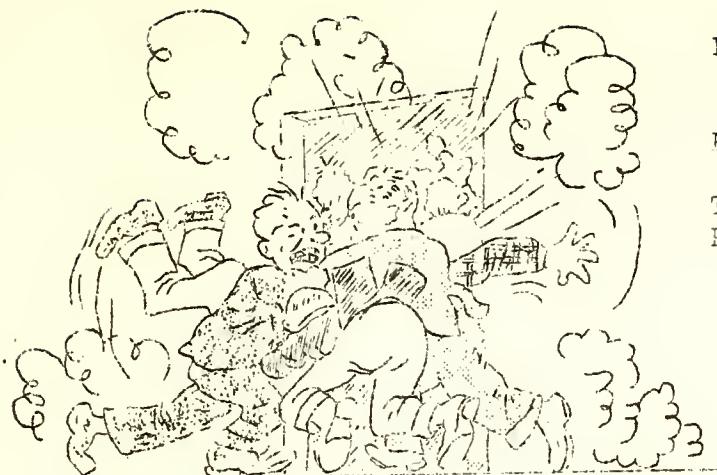
"Husbands are like motor cars," says Aunt Polly. "All are good the first year."



Here we have Heider coaxing a dormant crowd out of the depths of a profound lethargy to a vehement expression of their sentiments with respect to the game in progress.



Sept. 1929.



Class is Dismissed!

Butch claims that Schrein's arithmetic is as bad as his own drawing.

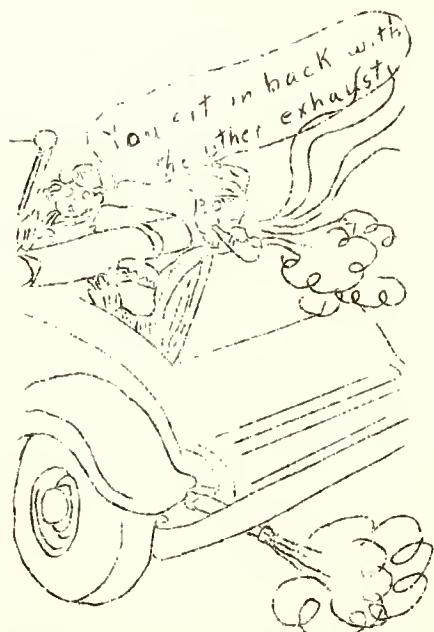
Swede says: "I'm so musically inclined that I can play "Yankee Doodle" on my ribs."

Chief: "Don't you know what time classes begin?"

Frey: "Why, no, they're always started when I get here."



Our Ass't. Ed. brings in
his work. Likes to write couplets.



Pipe-smokers—Take notice!

Prof. Fehner: "How far are you from the correct answer?"

Roy Peterson: "Two seats."

Tom to Kohtz: "Hi, son!"

Kohtz back: "Hi, eclipse."

Von Fange got lost the other night searching for the engine on a train of thought.

A
U
T
O
G
R
A
P
H
E
S

Jay, D. "Jay"

Harold Otte York, Nebr.

Arthur Ahlschwede Seward, Nebr. ("Swede")

H. F. Remment Seal, Tex. "Pecos"

Walter Ivey Lawton, Okla

H. D. Jung - Pleasant Dale, Nebr.

Edward Mess

Walter L. Schaefer Atco Cook, Nebr.

Alvin R. Walkenhorst "Hoistower"

Paul Rosel - "Rosy"

Martin Hergensen "Whitney"

Erwin H. Esslinger "Slinger"

Albert Schmidt "Curly"

Edgar Sims - "Tom"

Paul F. Steffens - "Hoopsie"

F. WALTER - Arlington, Nebr. "Horseface"

A. Tries - Carlton Kans

George Bluma "Joe"

H. W. Rehder

H. Keegelkordt

G. Kieckhafer

Erwin Zohrt ("Brother Zohrt") Phayer, Nebr.

George J. Tiner (Bill) Hanover, Kans.







MAY 90

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

